

75 CENTS

MARCH 22, 1976

TIME

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a black one-piece swimsuit, is posing for the cover. She is holding a large red towel behind her back with both hands, framing her face and upper body. The background is white, and the entire cover is framed by a thick red border.

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The confidence developed in the Dale Carnegie Course gave them a more positive self-image.



Donna Rowley, Executive Secretary, Avco Community Developers, San Diego, California



E. F. Wilson, Branch Manager
John Morrell & Company, Duluth, Minnesota

■ Donna Rowley enjoyed her work, yet was open-minded to the possibilities of improving her ability to do a better job. Donna says, "I was conscious of the fact that liking my work didn't mean I was as effective as I should be. So I took the Dale Carnegie Course, and it was a fascinating experience in self-betterment.

"In the Course, I found out how to really listen to what the other person is saying, then take the time to organize my own thoughts before replying to complaints or questions. This enabled me to express myself clearly and concisely—to be easily understood by customers and my associates.

"I go through each day with real enthusiasm and satisfaction, accepting challenges and problems with the confidence to meet them capably. I feel it's all part of the positive self-image I developed in the Dale Carnegie Course."

■ Gene Wilson says, "I thought I knew my job as branch manager, but began to wonder whether I was using my full capabilities.

"By taking the Dale Carnegie Course I formed a new con-

cept of myself and my responsibilities, my self-confidence increased and I developed a more positive attitude in my relations with others. I learned to take more time to listen, ask questions, and take a greater interest in my people. In little more than a year, we've developed a new spirit of teamwork in our organization."

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DEMAREST WITH MODEL

SHIELDS, HARBISON & THEM O

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Our sort of journalism at TIME is not greatly subject to seasonal cycles, but there are some predictable moments every year. With the first whiff of winter, editors—who are not above escapism—start thinking of stories about cruises or resorts. With the first anticipation of winter's end, they begin to consider spring fashions. This year we decided that the success of the American look—and the remarkably attractive and varied new designs by leading American fashion makers—deserved cover story treatment.

The color illustrations, including the Halston-clad model on the cover and the four pages accompanying the story, were researched by Mary Themo, a longtime observer of the fashion world, and photographed by TIME's Eddie Adams, a veteran of many political and combat assignments, who found the chance to work in and around the fashion battlefields of Seventh Avenue a welcome change. The reporting for the story was begun weeks ago by New York Correspondent Eileen Shields. She confesses to having once been "a slave of fashion," but uncomfortable about her bondage at times—especially, she says, "during the hot-pants rage of 1971." No problem with today's less self-conscious styles, however.

Reporter-Researcher Georgia Harbison agrees. She too interviewed many fashion designers for the story—on one occasion while wearing blue jeans and a sweater. Bad form? Evidently not. "At one point, I asked a designer if he could cite a perfect example of current American style. He answered, 'You are, darling.'"

The story was written by Senior Writer Michael Demarest and edited by Leon Jaroff. Demarest's experience with fashion predates the American look and the miniskirt. In fact, it goes back to his boyhood days in London when his mother, he says, "would occasionally drag me to fittings at her dressmaker's." In Demarest's recollection, "these were marvelous occasions. I knew nothing about fashion and cared less, but the vision of half-clad ladies gliding mysteriously to and fro was something to treasure during the long months of all-male boarding schools."

"In time," he adds, "I even learned to appreciate the clothes."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Model Carol Gustafson, photographed by Eddie Adams

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It took 75 years to put these pieces together.



Now some politicians want to take them apart.

There are people who want to dismember America's integrated oil companies—those companies that do the whole job from exploration through marketing.

Today, more than 50 integrated oil companies compete for your business. Hundreds of firms compete in various phases of the industry—exploration, production, refining, transportation, and marketing.

What would happen if the oil companies were taken apart?

Ironically, prices would go up, not down. A so-called breakup would destroy the efficient integrated system

and create a need for a new layer of costly and unnecessary "middlemen." Additionally, the chaos created by such a breakup would make it tougher for the industry to attract the capital it needs. Millions of Americans in oil and oil-related industries could lose their job security. Technical advances would be slowed down. Money needed to search for new supplies would dry up.

The result? *Less domestic oil would be available*, increasing our dependence on foreign oil. America could be weakened. You, the consumer,

would be less certain of getting the oil—the automotive gasoline and home-heating fuel and other products you need—when you need it, *while paying more for what you get.*

Before it's decided to take apart the oil companies—let's find out just who would benefit. We firmly believe it wouldn't be you.



We're working to keep your trust.

Vidal, with Wit and Class

To the Editors:

Gore Vidal might be a "Laughing Cassandra" [March 1], but my God he does it with such wit—and plenty of class.

Latona Merchant
Chicago

Vidal's views on this country are unfortunately symptomatic of the times and snap with the sting of a rejected man.

James K. Pedley
Cleveland

Vidal has proved through his writings that he cares about his country. Would that he were my friend.

Isabel Norby
Whidbey Island, Wash.

America's Oscar Wilde,

Belle Marie Fatheree
Portland, Ore.

I insist the case is not hopeless. Slight drafts of humility, heroically downed at

stronghold in their old domain. Senator Goldwater's suggestion that Nixon might do well to remain in China is equally anachronistic, since it recalls an age of international struggles with no holds barred. The concepts of limits even with one's worst enemy (e.g., germ and gas warfare) must surely be expanded to include the non-affliction of Nixon on China.

John D. Daniels
State College, Pa.

Can't we leave the poor man in peace?

Ken Cuthbertson
Sterling, Kans.

Brainwashed Society

How can we doubt that Patty Hearst [March 1] was brainwashed? Have we forgotten how our whole society was brainwashed? When radical chic ruled Park Avenue? When Bloomingdale's sold bandoliers for fashionable ladies to sport across their chests? When a Governor told his state's rioters he didn't blame them for taking what they thought should be theirs? When universities turned down fifth-generation, all-A students for the lowest SATs? When middle-class kids became so confused they didn't feel right (or even safe) clad in decent clothes?

Patty Hearst, like those kids—and the rest of us—was brainwashed even before the S.L.A. dragged her off.

Helen Newlin
New York City

Womanstruation?

I find it quite surprising that women's liberationists have not attempted a revision of the terms relating to our "curse": *menstruation* and *menopause* [Feb. 23].

Kyle Queen
Atlanta

TM Controversy

When will the skeptics understand that Transcendental Meditation [March 1] should be no more controversial than push-ups or sit-ups? If you want to become stronger, you exercise; if you want to become more relaxed, you meditate. Let's not blow this thing out of proportion with talk of "Hinduism," "worship" and "pantheistic deity."

Jim Ware
Williamstown, Mass.

I know no meditator who regards his practice as a religion. But I do know many people who worship money. May-

be we should ban the teaching of economics in our schools.

Michael Fling
Iowa City, Iowa

Before I was initiated into the Transcendental Meditation program at my school, I was a devout Roman Catholic. Now, a year later, I am a devout Roman Catholic who meditates.

Frederick S. Roback
Hartford, Conn.

Flower Song

I beg your pardon,
About your piece "The Deadly
Garden" [March 1].

The horticulturists will surely
flail ya;

You have miscaptioned an
azalea.

(To be hummed softly to the tune
of *I Never Promised You a Rose
Garden*)

Lucy K. Weinberg
West Lafayette, Ind.

That's an azalea, or I'm not from Decatur. Why, there's nothing "lily" about it. Yes, sir, I'd know an azalea if it was dressed in a clown suit, and an azalea is just what you've got under that CALLA LILY caption.

Marianne Palmer
Ithaca, N.Y.

Immortal Copier

So often I find myself standing over the immortal copier [March 1] and wondering why I am copying some immaterial material that no one will look at, and that will just give me something more to file. But I would hate to see the day when someone pulls the plug and we're left to carbons and those fun mimeographs that I grew up on in grade school.

Robin Reinhardt
Atlanta

I too have been trying to limit the use of the copier in my office. I decided that if I posted your article over the copier, perhaps it would have a positive effect. The only trouble was, in order not to cut up my copy of TIME, I had to make a copy of the Essay.

Stanley M. Miaszkowski
Hadley, Mass.

I plan to distribute copies of the Essay to my entire staff.

Den Adler
Janesville, Wis.

Schorr Assault

Who the heck does Daniel Schorr [March 1] think he is? Why do I bother



an unguarded moment, can save Vidal still.

John Lanigan
Griffith, Ind.

Most pathetic figure of our day.

Lee George
El Dorado, Kans.

He is the speck of sand that agitates long enough to produce a fine pearl.

George J. Perchak
New London, Conn.

Nixon Non-Affliction

Richard Nixon's trip to China [March 1] harks of another era when it was common for displaced monarchs to seek aid in enemy countries to regain a

to vote in every election, when our elected officials are "overruled" by this self-anointed leaker of our country's secrets?

Mickey Jones
Reno

The furor is obviously a case of Pike's pique.

Terrance A. Ward
Houston

Reality, Soviet Style

Your article "Hard Times for Ivan" [March 1] is unworthy of the magazine's readers.

Some of the U.S. news media, including TIME magazine, have long cultivated distorted ideas about the Soviet Union. No wonder that many Americans have lots of "surprises" when the American press cannot conceal the most eloquent Soviet achievements (as was the case, for instance, when the first Soviet Sputnik was launched), or when they personally acquaint themselves with Soviet reality: the patriotism of the Soviet people, their devotion to the socialist way of life, real equality for all, an inflation-free economy, not a trace of unemployment, free education and medical care, not to mention significant cultural, scientific and technical advances in a short historical period.

I am sorry that TIME still publishes stories filled with distortions and hostile emotions. They will not hurt the Soviet Union. But they do a disservice to the American people.

Valentin Kamaney
Press Counselor of the U.S.S.R. Embassy
Washington, D.C.

Before my own trip to the U.S.S.R., I would have suspected you of writing to please a pro-Western audience. As it is, I find your article very accurate in all areas with which I am familiar. It was a disillusioning experience to discover a country and its people with abilities and resources similar to our own obviously incapable of using those assets efficiently. The trip did much to increase my own appreciation for our Western way of life, for all its faults.

Susan D. Prince
Alta, Calif.

Guys, Girls and Dolls

While the toy industry may be making new inroads in realism in children's toys with Cher's navel, I note that the Sonny doll is taller than the Cher doll [March 1]. When will toy manufacturers stop bombarding little girls and boys with the sexism of their generation and let them grow up sans the outdated maxims of masculine superiority?

Joann Langham
Detroit

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TIME, MARCH 22, 1976

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TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

How Long Ago It Seems

Remember the Chicago Seven? Well, they were seven men accused, under a somewhat dubious conspiracy statute, of plotting to cross state lines to disrupt the 1968 Democratic Convention. They stirred up demonstrators and helped lead street protests against the Chicago police that often turned violent. One of their leaders was Jerry Rubin, field marshal of the yippies. Remember the yippies? Well, they were the Youth International Party (YIP).

Six years ago a New York *Times* editorial described the trial of "the Chicago Seven" as "the shame of American justice"—and many Americans agreed. Last week Rubin, 37, now promoting his newest book, *Growing Up at 37*, confessed in a guest column in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, courtesy of columnist Bob Greene, that he and his co-defendants were "guilty as hell. Guilty as charged." Explained Rubin: "Let's face it. We wanted disruption. We planned it." But, added Rubin, "guilty" does not mean "wrong."

The trial's semi-retired judge, Julius Hoffman, 80, who had handed down 123 contempt citations to the defendants for such actions as blowing a kiss to the jury, felt triumphant: "I've been vindicated."

It all seems a long time ago—except perhaps for Hubert Humphrey. Had it not been for the chaos in Chicago, which convinced many TV watchers that the Democratic Party was run by a bunch of radicals, H.H.H. just might have edged out Richard Nixon for the presidency in 1968.

Sunset in Colorado

In Colorado, almost everything from banks and insurance companies to barbers and dance schools is licensed by state agencies. The Board of Cosmetology, for one, is so stringent about problems like split ends and sensitive scalps that it requires a hairdresser trainee to undergo 1,650 hours of instruction, including a full 100 hours of supervised shampooing.

That sort of thing not only costs tax dollars to administer but also winds up stifling competition, since plumbers scrutinize plumbers, nursing-home administrators oversee nursing homes, etc. To curtail such cozy practices, the Colorado House of Representatives has recently passed a "sunset" law that would require each of the state's 41 regulatory agencies to justify its existence every six years—or quietly expire. The state senate is expected to approve the bill in the next few weeks. Legislators know that most agencies will fight hard to stay

in business, but many will be forced to streamline themselves or—bureaucrat's nightmare—to consolidate with others.

It would be a fine example for the U.S.: after all, other states have set up special boards to regulate goat's-milk dealers, tree experts, wholesale minnow operators, dealers in scrap tobacco. High time for many of them to fade into the sunset.

And as for those federal agencies...

Needed: Strong Soldiers

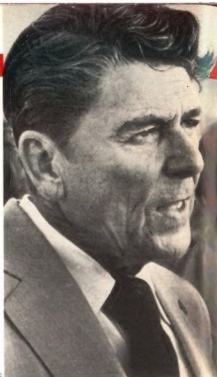
"What urban education needs is not more money but more parents willing to give their children care, motivation and chastisement—the will to learn." The speaker is the Rev. Jesse Jackson, a former lieutenant of Martin Luther King, oratorical spellbinder and director of Chicago-based Operation PUSH (People United to Save Humanity), a community development organization founded to help the urban poor. Jackson has been preaching a new gospel of self-discipline to replace self-pity among black high school youths. "We keep saying that Johnny doesn't read because he's deprived, hungry and discriminated against," says Jackson. "One of the reasons Johnny does not read well is that Johnny doesn't practice reading." Is Jackson blaming the victims of discrimination and deprivation for their own plight? No, he replies emphatically. "Racism is the enemy," he says. "But it takes strong soldiers to fight a strong enemy, and you don't produce strong soldiers by crying about what the enemy has done to you."

In Washington (where school enrollment is 97% black), Jackson's remarks have been warmly received by Acting School Superintendent Vincent Reed and many teachers. But some of his listeners wonder: Can students, by an act of will, overcome chaotic family lives and schools with overworked teachers and inadequate equipment, textbooks and libraries? Jackson's answer is bound to stir hot arguments. "Nobody will save us from us," says he, "but us."

Glory and Danger

Concluding his Boston foreign policy speech (see story page 14), Secretary of State Henry Kissinger stated a pious hope that deserves a moment's consideration above the din of conflict:

"Americans have always made history rather than let history chart our course. We, the present generation of Americans, will do no less. So let this year mark the end of our divisions. Let us usher in an era of national reconciliation and redemption by all Americans to their common destiny. Let us have a clear vision of what is before us—glory and danger alike."



RONALD REAGAN & WIFE NANCY AT A PRESS

PRIMARIES

The Ford

The crowds love a winner, and everywhere that Gerald Ford went as he campaigned in Illinois, throngs lined the streets to get a glimpse. Often they greeted him with rousing cheers, foot stomping, whistles and cries of "Go get 'em, Jerry," and "We love you, Jerry." The uneasy and awkward candidate of last fall is beginning to turn the voters on.

His victories in the first four primaries achieved the alchemy. This week in Illinois, Ford is expected to score his fifth win. Next week he stands a good chance to pick up his sixth, in North Carolina. But few victories that he has ever gained were quite as reassuring to him as last week's win in Florida—a big, fast growing, variegated state that until recently had been considered Ronald Reagan country. After Ford got the news in Washington, last Tuesday night, he grinned broadly and declared, unmemorably, "All I can say is that it feels as warm and comforting as a ray of Florida sunshine."

Later that evening, as workers in his national campaign headquarters jubilantly tossed Florida oranges to one another, the President warned them against overconfidence. And Political Counselor Rogers C.B. Morton cautioned: "We don't want to gloat." But in winning 53% of the Republican vote in Florida, Ford practically eliminated Reagan from the running.

By some counts, the President now

'It feels as warm and comforting as a ray of Florida sunshine.'

Gerald Ford

'For a challenger, what I have done cannot be called a defeat.'

Ronald Reagan

CONFERENCE IN MIAMI

Bandwagon Rolls

has about a fourth of the 1,130 delegates needed to win the nomination in August. He has won 88 delegates in primaries, can count on getting about 150 in the New York (April 6) and Pennsylvania (April 27) primaries, which Reagan is in effect skipping as unwinnable, and seems likely to pick up about 100 in such non-primary caucus states as Iowa, Oklahoma and Washington.

We're Delighted. Reagan stubbornly refused to acknowledge that he had taken a drubbing in Florida, though many experts figured that he, like Willy Loman, had little left except his smile and a shoeshine. Lounging on a bed in blue slacks and a black-and-white check pajama top, Reagan watched the returns on TV at the Sheraton Hotel in Rock Island, Ill. When Ford's victory was certain, Reagan changed into a blue suit and blithely bounded into the coffee shop to tell reporters: "We're all delighted. We've challenged an incumbent who has thrown the whole load at us—all the big artillery there is—[and yet] we are still getting close to half the vote. We're in for the long haul, all the way to Kansas City."

Later, in an interview with TIME Midwest Bureau Chief Benjamin W. Cate, Reagan declared: "When has the challenger had to beat the incumbent in the first few primaries? We came into these primaries with the expectation of making a good showing, and to our

minds, 40% is a good showing. For a challenger to do what I have done cannot be called a defeat."

Still, Reagan's optimism seemed forced. His initial strategy—a blitzkrieg in New Hampshire and Florida that would knock Ford out of the race—had failed. Rather than quit, however, Reagan changed his strategy. Now his wishful thinking has him picking up enough delegates in primaries in the South, Southwest and West to keep Ford from getting the nomination on the first ballot. On subsequent ballots, Reagan envisions attracting enough uncommitted delegates to win the nomination for himself.

At the moment, several primaries in May look promising for Reagan—if he stays in the race that long. Among them: Texas (May 1), where he is expected to win at least half the 100 delegates at stake, Louisiana (May 1), West Virginia (May 11) and Kentucky, Tennessee, Nevada, Idaho and Oregon (all May 25). He hopes a chain of strong showings in these states will help him win all of California's 167 delegates on June 8.

Still, Ford's position is overpowering. Reagan probably will not be able to sustain his support even in the South and West without scoring an early primary victory, and none is in sight. For example, in Nebraska, Reagan was ahead two months ago; but the latest Omaha *World-Herald* poll showed Ford

PRESIDENT CAMPAIGNING IN SARASOTA

in front, 53% to 29%. The President is expected to win most of the delegates in New York and Pennsylvania, in addition to Michigan (May 18) and New Jersey and Ohio (June 8).

Even in defeat, Reagan has affected the President's strategy, moving Ford to the right on many issues. The President has tried to make his Soviet policy sound tougher by purging the word détente. In Florida he sought to attract votes from Cuban Americans by denouncing Fidel Castro as an "international outlaw." This play failed: Cuban Americans voted heavily for Reagan because they correctly saw him as more anti-Castro than Ford.

At the same time, Ford projected an image of competence by his knowledgeable defense of his budget and other policies, benefited greatly by the strong upturn in the economy and skillfully exploited his position as incumbent (see box next page and ESSAY page 19). Grumbled Reagan: "A challenger can't promise highways and hospitals."

The President has been out-organizing Reagan and outspending him (about \$1 million v. \$650,000 in Florida). Ford's campaign in the Sunshine State started to take off in late January, when William

THE NATION

Roberts, a savvy organizer from California, joined the staff. After finding that the Florida campaign was "dinking along like a Toonerville trolley," Roberts more than tripled the operation to 40 paid employees. He also set up a precinct-level apparatus that made contact with 753,000 people.

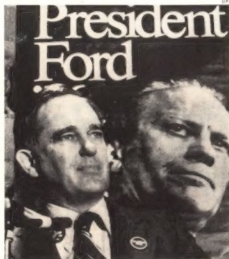
After the victory, Ford's top lieutenants launched a low-key campaign around the country to convert undecided and pro-Reagan state and county chairmen. Somewhat lamely, Acting Campaign Chief Stuart Spencer insisted: "We're not pressuring them. We're just taking their temperature, seeing where they stand." Reagan's only motive for staying in after North Carolina would seem to be to keep Ford hewing to the right and to influence the party platform, the choice of Cabinet officers and the vice presidential nominee—perhaps Reagan himself, although Ford would seem to gain nothing from him as a running mate. In fact, the President's men hope to force Reagan to abandon the race and thus allow Ford to move toward the center. That would help him attract the independent votes he will need to win in November. The effort was made more urgent by a Harris Poll taken before the Florida primary and released last week. It showed that by wide margins, voters believe Democrats are better able to deal with 21 key issues embracing the economy, defense and foreign policy.

At week's end, the Ford camp's joy over Florida was considerably dampened by a scandal involving Campaign Manager Howard ("Bo") Callaway. He owns a two-thirds interest in Crested Butte, a ski resort near Aspen, Colo. Crested Butte wanted to use 2,000 acres of federal land on nearby Mount Snodgrass for a second, \$45 million ski area. The U.S. Forest Service tentatively turned down the proposal in January 1975 on grounds that Crested Butte did

not draw enough skiers to warrant the expansion.

On July 3—the same day that he resigned as Secretary of the Army to become Ford's campaign manager—Callaway called together officials of the Forest Service and its parent agency, the Agriculture Department, in his Pentagon office. He claimed last week that he had merely reargued Crested Butte's case. In any event, the three Government employees who opposed the new facility were transferred to different jobs, and in December permission was granted for the expansion.

Democratic Senator Floyd Haskell of Colorado ordered his Interior subcommittee to investigate. Callaway professed his innocence, and Ford declared that he had "full faith" in him. Nonetheless, Callaway has "temporarily" stepped down from his job until the investigation is over. He is succeeded by Political Director Spencer, who masterminded Ford's primary victories.



EX-CAMPAIGN MANAGER CALLAWAY

Carter: The

On the morning after his big victory in Florida's Democratic primary, Jimmy Carter rolled from his bed in an Orlando hotel at 6:15, cranky and out of sorts. This was doubly surprising, because the usually smiling Georgian had just dealt George Wallace his first thumping in a Southern primary, thus erasing the effects of a setback in Massachusetts a week earlier. Moreover, Carter is expected to beat Wallace again in Illinois this week and in North Carolina next Tuesday.

But strategy sessions with top aides had kept Carter up past 3 a.m., and he was in no mood to be pushed when staffers gave him the bad news: he was scheduled to campaign in seven Illinois cities that day, and was booked for five broadcast interviews, four speeches and three handshaking tours on the next day. He

was to spend all of the third day stumping the Los Angeles area. Furious, Carter admonished his aides for not setting aside any time for rest. As he boarded his chartered Boeing 727, he told reporters: "I'm not going to answer any questions on the plane. I'm going to sleep." Moments afterward, however, he had second thoughts. Again flashing his piano-keyboard grin and seemingly relaxed, he walked back to the press section to chat.

The episode illustrated the grueling pace of the Democratic race. For months, Carter and his opponents have crisscrossed the country for up to 18 hours a day in quest of the 1,505 delegate votes needed to win the nomination; as yet no candidate seems headed toward a decisive edge. After

Pork, Patronage and Promises

Gerald Ford is playing the jolly Santa Claus, like any other incumbent who wishes to stay in office for some more presidential Christmases. As shrewdly and crudely as Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon ever did, he is doling out patronage and pork to goad, frighten and lead Republicans to support him.

Shortly before the New Hampshire primary, Ford said that he intended to retain the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard, which the Defense Department had threatened to close. He announced to hard-pressed New England fishermen that he would fight to extend the territorial limit from twelve miles to 200 miles. He appointed New Hampshire's attorney general, Warren Rudman,

chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Rudman comes from Nashua, a city crucial to Ford's victory.

On the stump in Florida, Ford claimed credit for helping Orlando land the 1978 International Chamber of Commerce convention. He promised that Brevard County would get "excellent consideration" as a site for a federal solar-research center. By funny happenstance, too, just before last week's election, the Air Force awarded an Orlando company a \$33.6 million contract for missiles, and the Department of Transportation granted \$15 million to launch a rapid-transit system for Dade County. In addition, Ford courted the Cuban vote by ordering more im-

migration officials to Miami to accelerate naturalization proceedings. He wooed conservatives by strongly suggesting to one of their leaders, Jerry Thomas, the party's 1974 gubernatorial candidate, that he would be named an Under Secretary of the Treasury.

The President carried a nice bag of gifts into Illinois. He gladdened farmers by proposing to raise the estate top exemption for family farms from \$60,000 to \$150,000. Despite his own pleas for cutting the federal budget, he also advocated more Government spending for agricultural animal research. And in Peoria, when a worried questioner asked why the Air Force was eliminating its ROTC program at Bradley University, Ford said he was "disgusted" by that "incomprehensible" step, and "we will do our darndest to rectify the error."

Scraps Ahead

Florida, Carter led with 70 delegates, followed by Wallace with 58, Henry Jackson with 55 and Morris Udall with 23.

But Carter's victory in Florida, with 34% of the vote, accelerated the momentum that he has gained from the early primaries and caucuses. In last week's primary, he dominated the center on the issues, had the best organization and had the broadest appeal of all the candidates. He got 72% of the votes cast by blacks and piled up majorities among people under 25, blue-collar workers, voters earning more than \$15,000 and Democrats identifying themselves as liberals. Said he after the victory: "I don't see anyone who can beat me, but I see a lot of hard political scraps ahead."

Less Important. Wallace's poor showing in the same state—second with 31% of the vote—set him back, though he vowed to stay in the race until the end. Said he: "It's just one primary. If I'm slipping, it means that I'll be slipping into the convention with a lot of delegates." Despite the bravado, Wallace was sorely disappointed; the loss indicates that he may be less important at a brokered convention than most Democrats had thought.

His majorities were confined mostly to Florida's rural panhandle. Elsewhere, he was hurt by the changing complexion of the Democratic electorate in Florida. Since 1972, when he won the primary with 41.7% of the vote, 200,000 Democrats have migrated to Florida from states farther north: most are moderates, and they voted overwhelmingly for Carter or Jackson. In addition, Wallace could not persuade many voters that he was physically fit; surveys showed that two out of five Democrats were partly deterred from voting for him because they questioned his health. Complained Wallace: "If I hadn't been in a wheelchair, I would have won."

Jackson, in third place with 24%, ran several points stronger in Florida than expected, and pronounced himself satisfied. Because of his staunch stands in favor of Israel and freer emigration of Jews from Russia, Jackson ran strongly among Miami-area Jews, who gave him more than 60% of their votes; in one condominium precinct, he won 1,100 votes to 77 for Carter. Said he: "Florida is only a way station along the road. I carried Dade County, which is an extension of the industrial North. The others carried the part that is an extension of Plains, Ga. [Carter's home town], and Alabama. You tell me what industrial state Carter will carry. Let him join me in New York!"

On top of his victory in Florida, Carter got good news from other states. In South Carolina's Democratic county conventions, he pulled nearly even with



CARTER CAMPAIGNING IN A YARMULKE
"I don't see anyone who can beat me."

Wallace with about 30% of the vote, which was a decided gain from the precinct caucuses last month, when Carter ran about five percentage points behind Wallace. In Oklahoma, Governor David Boren was on the verge of backing him, thereby adding seven delegates to the ten that Carter had won in last month's precinct caucuses. Carter also has made some inroads among Democratic liberals and Jews in California. Last week \$25,000 was raised for him at a \$500-a-plate dinner at the Paradise Cove mansion of Max Palevsky, a wealthy industrialist who backed George McGovern in 1972.

Low-Keyed. Carter seems likely to continue to build momentum for the next few weeks. He stands to do well not only in Illinois and North Carolina but also to carry the Kansas and Virginia caucuses. Next month, however, there should be better news for Jackson and Udall, starting on April 6, when primaries will be held in Wisconsin and New York. After his Florida victory, Carter's aides suggested making a big push in Wisconsin, where Udall seems to hold a wide lead. Mindful of his miscalculation in thinking that a last-minute blitz would bring him victory in the Massachusetts primary, however, Carter decided to mount only a low-keyed effort in Wisconsin.

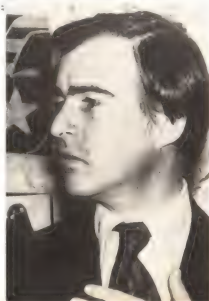
He also decided against campaigning heavily in New York because he accepts the orthodox view that Jackson cannot be overtaken. The Washington Senator has out-organized and out-spent everybody there. In the remaining weeks, he plans to invest 17 days of campaigning and \$750,000—three-fourths of his New York budget—to expand his already substantial support beyond Jewish and blue-collar neighborhoods. But he lost some of his edge in the state last week when the legislature rewrote the primary's ground rules to permit the

candidates' names to appear on the ballot; previously, only the names of would-be delegates were to be listed, which was to Jackson's advantage. Reason: patient, door-to-door work by his thousands of district workers would ensure a large turnout for his delegates.

The chief beneficiary of the new rule permitting candidates' names on the ballot will be Udall. He is the sole surviving liberal with any chance of doing well in the campaign. New York has many liberal Democrats, and Udall last week won the formal support of those leaders who had been pledged to Birch Bayh before he dropped out of the race. This will help Udall to mount an effective challenge against Jackson in as many as 30 of New York's 39 congressional districts. Udall has budgeted \$400,000 and ten days of campaigning for New York; in contrast, he plans to spend \$300,000 and campaign for ten days in Wisconsin.

Jackson is also well organized and expects to do nicely in Pennsylvania on April 27, because of Milton Shapp's decision to withdraw from the race. Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo, who could control 30 votes at the convention, probably will announce his support of Jackson soon. Carter and Udall also are setting up extensive efforts in Pennsylvania. Then, on May 1, Carter hopes to make a splashy showing in Texas. Senator Lloyd Bentsen, a favorite son, has tightly organized the state. But Carter is challenging Bentsen in every district and plans a high-powered drive to win as many seats as possible. Beyond Texas, the candidates' strategies and expectations will be dictated largely by how well they do in the intervening primaries—and by how much money they can raise, though none of the major can-

BROWN AFTER ANNOUNCING HIS CANDIDACY



THE NATION

dates is yet in financial trouble.

The primaries will end with a Democratic super bowl on June 8, when 540 delegates will be up for grabs in New Jersey, Ohio and California. The candidates expect to make an all-out effort in them. But their chances of winning California's important contest for 280 delegates faded when popular Governor Jerry Brown announced last week that

he will run as a favorite son. He dodged questions about whether he will enter other primaries. Asked if he really wants to be President, he said, "Yes." What about Vice President? "Premature," said Brown. His entry further scrambled the Democratic race and increased the chances for a deadlocked convention—which would then give Hubert Humphrey the best shot at the nomination.

TIME SOUNDINGS

Three Candidates Look Strong—Now

If the election was held today, Gerald Ford would handily defeat any of the major Democratic contenders.

In the contest for his party's nomination, Ford is preferred over Ronald Reagan by a 2-to-1 margin among Republican and independent voters.

On the Democratic side, Hubert Humphrey runs first for the nomination among Democratic and independent voters, but Jimmy Carter has pulled almost even with him, and those two are far out in front of George Wallace, Henry Jackson and Morris Udall.

These are the major findings of a poll conducted for TIME last week by Yankelovich, Skelly and White, Inc., the opinion-research firm. The results were obtained in telephone interviews with a national, representative sample of 1,016 registered voters in the two days immediately following the Florida primary.

The voters were asked for their choices in a series of two-man races. Ford would beat Humphrey decisively, 52% to 37%, with 11% undecided. This is a marked improvement for Ford over a TIME poll taken last January, when he led Humphrey, 46% to 40%, with 14% undecided.

Surprisingly, last week's TIME survey finds that Ford would have a tougher time against Carter than against Humphrey. The President would beat the Georgian, 46% to 38%, with 16% undecided.

Ford would decisively beat Jackson now, 53% to 30%, with 17% undecided. And the President would wallop Udall, 60% to 21%, with 19% undecided.

Ford's turnaround with the voters has been spectacular. In a TIME-Yankelovich survey last fall, only 46% of the public found him acceptable as the next President. Today he is acceptable to 63% of the public. In the struggle for the nomination, Ford now runs ahead of Reagan among Republicans and independents by a whopping 56% to 28%, with 12% undecided and 4% preferring neither. In January, Ford led Reagan

by 43% to 30%, with 22% undecided. As evidence of the eroding Reagan candidacy, in TIME's survey before the New Hampshire primary, only 35% of the registered voters found Reagan unacceptable. The poll now finds that 47% see him as unacceptable; an ominous turn for the Californian.

A striking finding in the survey is the gulf that Democrat Carter has opened between himself and his two most serious declared rivals, Scoop Jack-

ers, for the present at least, see the two candidates otherwise.

The TIME survey finds that Carter's recognition among voters has increased from 41% four weeks before the New Hampshire primary to 65% at present. Among those voters who are familiar with Carter, the percentage who feel he has a good chance of becoming the Democratic candidate has increased from 18% to 45%. Of all the Democratic contenders, Carter has the most favorable acceptability ratio: 42% of the voters find him acceptable as the next President while only 23% do not. Humphrey, by comparison, is acceptable to 45% but unacceptable to 47% of the voters. Jackson is acceptable to 29% and unacceptable to 32%. The comparable figures for Udall are 20% and 31%. Wallace runs worst by this measure: acceptable to 29%, unacceptable to 65%.

Humphrey still carries some familiar scars. Of the people who say he is unacceptable as a candidate, 20% consider him too wishy-washy, 28% do not like his views, 7% think he talks too much and another 7% think he is too old. His running sore over Viet Nam seems to be healing; only 2% are critical about his support of the war.

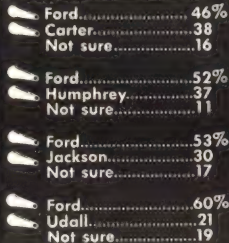
On more current issues, the argument advanced by candidates like Carter and Reagan that the country would be better off with a President who has not yet been identified with the Federal Government and Washington, D.C., is rejected by the voters, 56% to 26%, with 18% not sure. On a major foreign affairs issue, 48% of the people in the sample said that the U.S. has been "too soft" with the Soviets, while 41% thought the U.S. has to do everything it can to improve relations if there is to be any progress in reducing the arms race.

Ford has some trouble with the voters regarding his ability to handle foreign affairs. Last month 68% expressed confidence in the President on this matter. Now only 57% do. Though the economy has improved, the survey shows there has been only a slight increase

in voters' confidence in Ford's handling of economic issues, from 66% earlier in the year to 69% now.

His greatest asset, on the other hand, and the factor that singularly influences the President's high standing, is the continuing increase in the nation's optimism. The national mood and confidence in the future are still moving upward. The social-resentment indicator, which measures the alienation and anger of the public because values are changing too fast, is moving sharply down. And for the first time in more than two years, one out of two people now feels that things are going well in the country.

Whom They Would Choose (If the election were now)



son and Mo Udall. Democrats and independents were asked, "If you had to make a choice among Jackson, Carter, Udall, Wallace and Humphrey as the Democratic candidate for the presidency, whom would you choose?" The result: Humphrey, who has long run high in such polls, draws 32% of the voters and Carter runs second at 28%. Far behind the two leaders are George Wallace at 14%, Henry Jackson at 11%, and Morris Udall, still largely unfamiliar, at 5%. Party professionals, who expect the nomination fight before the convention to narrow down to a contest between Carter and Jackson, do not concede Carter such a resounding lead, but the vot-

This picture just proves something that any farmer who grows things for a living could tell you. You get big lettuce (or tomatoes or whatever) when you fertilize and you get dinky ones when

Scotts® Vegetable Garden Fertilizer holds some of its nitrogen back for later. Your seeds or seedlings get a good feeding to start with, then a little more every day to keep your crop growing.



Both heads of lettuce grown in the same garden. Look at the difference.

you don't. You can water and put down humus and compost and that's fine but it isn't the same as fertilizer.

We fertilized the big head but not the little. That's why one is big and the other is little.

Fertilizer is food you put in your soil to pass on to your vegetables. Nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium, chiefly. A good supply of nutrients is where all those fat tomatoes and big ears of corn come from.

Some fertilizers tell you to do it 2 or 3 times a crop. That's because their nitrogen usually "releases" right away and after a short time there just isn't much left. You only use our fertilizer once (unless you happen to live in the South and have very sandy soil).

You ought to put it down at planting time, and you can use our fertilizer on all vegetables. (Just do what it says on the box. It won't hurt your plants.)

There's hardly any work to it. Just put it down evenly and work it into the soil an inch or so.

We use everything we make so we know what it will do. You will get more beans or extra tomatoes or bigger lettuce and that's a promise. Our guarantee says, "If for any reason you are not satisfied with results after using this product, you are entitled to get your money back."

Simply send us evidence of purchase and we will mail you a refund check promptly".

We'll be right here in Marysville, Ohio. You won't have to look for us.



Did you know there's a way to STOP advertising mail you don't want?

You can now get your name off—or on—advertising mailing lists by writing the Mail Preference Service of the Direct Mail/Marketing Association



By CELIA WALLACE

Whether you realize it or not, you are exposed to over 300 advertising messages per day while you watch TV, read newspapers and magazines and ride the highways. And there is no easy way to "turn off" these messages.

But if you don't want to receive advertising mail, there's a simple, effective way to stop most of it. Just contact the Direct Mail/Marketing Association (DMMA), a group of businesses that use mail to advertise their products and services, and they'll send you a *name-removal* form.

Think you want to be taken off mailing lists?

According to Robert F. DeLay, President of the DMMA, once you've returned the name-removal form you should notice a substantial decrease in the amount of mail advertising you receive. "But," he added, "very often people take steps to get their names removed from mailing lists, objecting to what they consider 'junk mail.' But then later decide maybe it isn't so bad after all when they consider some of the good offers that come through unsolicited third class mail. Such as catalogs, new product samples, chances at sweepstakes, introductory offers from magazines, and coupons that knock a dime or so off prices at the supermarket or drugstore."

However, for those who decide they *still* don't want to be bothered by advertising mail, Mr. DeLay assures that their names will be removed from the lists of many DMMA member companies who conduct most large-scale mail adver-

tising campaigns. "It's just too expensive to waste on people who don't want it," he says.

MPS also enables you to be added to lists.

If, on the other hand, you feel you don't get your fair share of mail offers, the DMMA offers another service to get your name *on lists*

that will make you a candidate to receive more offers in special interest areas such as arts and crafts, books, investments, clothing, sports, travel and gardening.

Both services are offered to the public by the DMMA in an effort to make shopping by mail more enjoyable.

If you want to take advantage of either of these services offered by the DMMA, simply send the coupon below for a free application or write the association at 6 East 43rd Street, New York, New York 10017.



MAIL TO:
DIRECT MAIL/MARKETING ASSOCIATION
6 East 43rd Street
New York, New York 10017

☐ **STOP IT!** I don't want to be on anyone's "list."
Please send me a *Name-Removal Form*.

☐ **SEND ME MORE!** I'd like more mail on my favorite interests and hobbies. Send me an *"Add On" Form*.

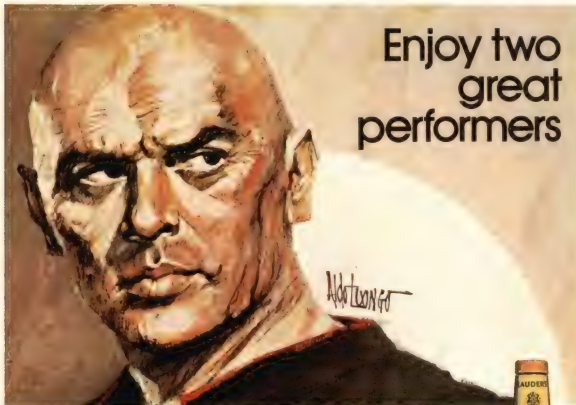
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performers

LAUDER'S SCOTCH

Lauder's is
the fine Scotch that
doesn't cost like
a fine Scotch.

Lauder's lets any host
turn in a great
performance.


86 PROOF

Authentic Scotch
Dollar (Crown) minted
between 1603-1625.
Symbol of Lauder's value.



100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

Yul Brynner, Oscar Winning International Star



You won't get crabgrass
this summer if you
stop the seeds now.

Here in the good earth
of Marysville, Ohio,
where we have our main
grass research farms, we grow
just about every weed you
will ever see.

And the first thing you
might like to know is that you
don't have any crabgrass right
now. What you have are seeds.

These seeds were spread by
last year's crabgrass when it
died with the first frost of fall.

(Almost 100,000 seeds from
just one plant.) They will begin to
grow in May and by August you'll have
a real crabgrass blight again.

So the time to stop it is right now.
And it won't take you more than 30
minutes with a spreader and some of
our Turf Builder Plus Halts.

We spent 10 years just developing
and using Halts here in Marysville. This
stuff not only stops the seeds from
growing into crabgrass, it also won't hurt
your good grass or your hedge.

And yet the best thing about it isn't
just the Halts, it's the big dose of our
Turf Builder.

Turf Builder is Scotts lawn fertilizer.
We make it with our special slow-
release nitrogen so it will go on feeding

your lawn for up to 2
full months.

In fact, if you
spend just 30
minutes every
couple of
months with our
straight Turf Builder,
you'll have thicker
grass than you
ever dreamed of. A
good thick turf

helps keep crabgrass out.


But right now put down Turf
Builder Plus Halts. It's easy work, not
like mowing. Just a walk around with a
spreader does it.

We sell Turf Builder Plus Halts with
the plainest guarantee we know.

We'll keep crabgrass from growing in your lawn and we put that in writing.

"If for any reason you are not satisfied with
results after using this product, you are
entitled to get your money back. Simply
send us evidence of purchase and we
will mail you a refund check promptly."

(We might add that Halts stops
crabgrass before it grows, not after. So
use it now.) You might also like to get our



quarterly Lawn Care.
It's free and it's filled
with good things to
know about grass.

Just write us here
in Marysville, Ohio
43040. You don't need
a street address. We've
been here for over
100 years.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDBY

Betty Ford's White House Favorites

Betty Ford's favorite picture is *Boys Crabbing*, a muted oil by 19th century Genre Painter William Ranney ("I understand boys," the mother of three of them says). Mrs. William Howard Taft, whose portrait is on the wall of the Grand Staircase, is her idea "of what a First Lady should look like."

Mrs. Ford is captivated by the beautiful features of Fanny Kemble, the London actress whose picture hangs in the Queen's Room. "She is," says Mrs. Ford about Miss Kemble, "the prettiest lady in the White House. I wonder whose friend she was?" White House Curator Clem Conger has not provided an answer to that one yet.

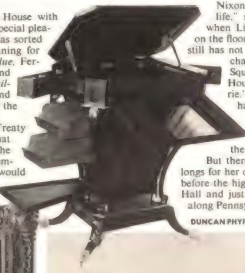
Her favorite piece of furniture is the tambour desk in the East Sitting Hall, part of the private family quarters. It was made in Boston by John and Thomas Seymour sometime between 1790 and 1804. She sometimes caresses its inlaid mahogany as if it were a member of the family. Indeed, by now it is.

Betty Ford, who entered the White House with deep misgivings, has learned some of the special pleasures of "living a page of history." She has sorted out those paintings that have extra meaning for her (John Singleton Copley's *Lady in Blue*, Ferdinand Reichardt's *Philadelphia, 1858*, and Mary Cassatt's *Young Mother and Two Children* are three other favorites). She has found the times of day, the special vistas and the moody corners that deepen her enjoyment.

Sometimes she signs her mail in the Treaty Room on the massive dark walnut table that was Ulysses S. Grant's. There she feels the White House spell the most. If she could summon back scenes from other eras, she would like to see the men gathered there for



THOMAS SULLY PAINTING IN QUEEN'S ROOM



DUNCAN PHYFE SEWING TABLE IN GREEN ROOM



MARY CASSATT PAINTING IN PRIVATE QUARTERS



WILLIAM RANNEY PAINTING IN WEST SITTING HALL

Cabinet meetings around the turn of the century, dispatches from the wireless room down the hall being hustled in and out. She would, too, like to hear the shouts of Teddy Roosevelt as he romped through corridors, get a short glimpse of Eleanor Roosevelt bustling out the front door of the White House to take a bus or walk up Connecticut Avenue like any other citizen.

Mrs. Ford is amused by the tortoiseshell wastebasket that hangs from an armchair used by Grant. She is intrigued by two sewing tables from 1810 made by Duncan Phyfe. Small and elegant when closed, they sprout drawers and shelves like magic.

Like others, she seeks out the view from the Truman Balcony. She sniffs with special pleasure the scent of magnolia blossoms that are outside her bedroom window, the tree having been planted 140 years ago by Andrew Jackson. The crack of the White House flag in the wind is a reassuring greeting on breezy days. At lunchtime, she searches for the sun in the solarium on the third floor.

"The day we said goodbye to the Nixons was the saddest day of my life," she says. "The happiest was when Liberty had her puppies. I was on the floor beside her all afternoon." She still has not found a ghost. One night the chanting of protesters in Lafayette Square filled the darkened White House and she found it "very eerie." But no apparition walked the halls. Another time a thumping on the ceiling turned out to be one of her sons dropping the end of his pool cue on the carpet.

But there still are moments when she longs for her old life. In those spells, she sits before the high-arched window of the West Hall and just watches the people hurrying along Pennsylvania Avenue.

SECRETARY OF STATE

Under Fire and on the Attack

When Ronald Reagan promises that if elected, he would fire Henry Kissinger, he draws cheers from many audiences. (Shades of Richard Nixon in 1968 promising to fire Attorney General Ramsey Clark.) The attacks on Kissinger are not doing much good for Reagan, or Scoop Jackson either. Still, after suffering through one of his rougher weeks, the Secretary of State took the offensive against those presidential candidates who condemn U.S. foreign policy. Speaking to the Boston World Affairs Council, "he accused them of being vague and inconsistent."

Kissinger posed a series of pointed questions: "What do those who speak so glibly about one-way streets or preemptive concessions propose concretely that this country do? What risks would they run? What precise changes in our defense posture, what level of expenditure over what period of time do they advocate? How concretely do they suggest managing the U.S.-Soviet relationship in an era of strategic equality?"

Twin Temptations. More broadly, Kissinger protested that his policies were under fire from both the political left and right, and claimed that this double attack could result in a U.S. foreign policy "paralysis, no matter who wins in November." He explained: "If one group of critics undermines arms-control negotiations and cuts off the prospect of more constructive ties with the Soviet Union, while another group cuts away at our defense budgets and intelligence services and thwarts American resistance to Soviet adventurism, both combined will, whether they have intended it or not, end by wrecking the nation's ability to conduct a strong, creative, moderate and prudent foreign policy." He pleaded: "We must avoid the twin temptations of provocation and escapism."

If Kissinger sounded a bit oversensitive to criticism and unrealistic in expecting a consensus on world affairs in an election year, he nevertheless was focusing the debate on the more practical problems of global diplomacy. Though he mentioned no names, two of the hawkish critics he clearly had in mind reacted quickly. Said Republican Reagan: "I thought that in this country no public official was above and beyond public questioning." Democrat Jackson protested that Kissinger was the first Secretary of State in modern history to go "wandering around the country in the middle of the presidential primaries indulging in partisan politics." President Ford defended the Secretary: "I would not, under any circumstances, want

Henry Kissinger to quit—period."

Kissinger's defense of his policies partly diverted attention from some bruising lumps he took earlier. Two sworn statements by former President Nixon released last week seemed to contradict sworn statements by Kissinger. The first Nixon contradiction came in a rambling, seven-hour deposition given at San Clemente last January in response to a \$3 million suit filed by Morton H. Halperin, a former National Security Council staff member whose telephone was tapped for 21 months by the FBI beginning in May 1969. Nixon and Kissinger are among eight officials of the Nixon Administration being sued by Halperin. Nixon readily conceded that he had ordered the wiretapping program, which in-

of which man is telling the truth. So, too, did a Nixon reply to inquiries from the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, which had asked him about the CIA's role in trying to keep Salvador Allende Gossens from becoming President of Chile in 1970—and in ousting Allende three years after he won office. Kissinger had told the committee in a secret session last August that in 1970 "President Nixon was encouraging a more direct role for the CIA in actually organizing such a coup" to topple Allende. But Nixon claimed in his testimony that "I do not recall being aware that the CIA was promoting a military coup in Chile." Allende in 1973 was the victim of a coup, but the CIA has insisted that the agency had nothing to do with it.

Serious Error. Still more embarrassing to Kissinger was the growing controversy over the revelation that Edward R.F. Sheehan, a Harvard International Affairs research fellow, had



"Some leaks I can live with."

involved taps on Halperin and 16 other Government officials and newsmen. He did so, he said, because Kissinger had told him of no fewer than 21 leaks of national security information in his Administration by April 1969.

The main conflict centered on just who had first selected Halperin to be wiretapped. Nixon said he asked Kissinger to tell J. Edgar Hoover, the late FBI director, who on the NSC staff had access to the leaked information. But Nixon contended that he had "no recollection" of specifically approving the wiretapping of Halperin himself. By contrast, in his own affidavit for this suit, filed last January, Kissinger claimed that it was Hoover who had first mentioned Halperin, identifying him and other unspecified persons "as security risks." And it was Nixon who then had "directed surveillance of Morton Halperin and certain others."

The disagreement raised a question

access to secret State Department documents last fall while working on a book on Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy in the Middle East. In an article for the current issue of *Foreign Policy* magazine, Sheehan praises Kissinger as having been "at the apogee of his skill" during those negotiations (TIME, March 15). The article quotes directly from the dialogue of Kissinger's conversations with such leaders as Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, Israeli former Premier Golda Meir and Syrian President Hafez Assad.

When protests arose over this use of supposedly secret information, a State Department spokesman last week promised an investigation and declared: "Insofar as any State Department official provided Mr. Sheehan with information based directly on memoranda of conversations, this was unauthorized, a serious error of judgment, and disciplinary action will be taken."

*Kissinger received the Council's award for improving international relations. It was presented by Henry Cabot Lodge, former diplomat and Republican Senator.

The internal department probe was a charade. Sheehan had, in fact, played to Kissinger's ample ego by writing a letter to Assistant Secretary Alfred L. Atherton Jr., who heads the Bureau of Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs. It was full of encomiums about the Secretary and asked for Kissinger's cooperation in the author's research. Sheehan thought he was "laying it on a little thick," but sent the letter anyway. Atherton showed it to Kissinger, who told him to help Sheehan. Atherton preserved the fiction of not disseminating classified documents by reading aloud to Sheehan from secret memos of Kissinger's conversations. Sheehan was allowed to take notes. He later talked to many of the same Middle East leaders to confirm and flesh out the secret reports that he had heard from Atherton.

Of course, Kissinger argued that Atherton had gone further than the Secretary had wanted him to. At week's end, Atherton was given a letter of severe reprimand. In any case, Kissinger was reminded by his critics—with some relish—of his double standard on leaks. New York Times columnist William Safire, a former Nixon speechwriter whose phone had been tapped in the 1969 leak investigation, charged that to Kissinger, "the criterion of classification has become intensely personal"—anything embarrassing to him is "top secret" but anything helpful to him "can be leaked with impunity." As Kissinger had discovered, the news leak is like a slippery hose, capable of spraying both those who use it and those who try to shut it off—and the Secretary had been drenched both ways.



LODGE GIVING KISSINGER AWARD
Getting drenched both ways.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Microwave Furor

"Why not go public and embarrass them for a change?" demanded an irate former Moscow diplomat last week. He was referring to Washington's curious reticence about the great Moscow microwave furor. Last month the U.S. confirmed that for some 15 years the Soviet Union has been beaming microwaves at the hulking nine-story U.S. embassy on Moscow's Tchaikovsky Street (TIME, Feb. 23). The purpose: to jam the sophisticated electronic monitoring devices inside and on the roof of the building. (An earlier theory, now taken less seriously, was that the microwaves were designed to activate or charge up Soviet bugs planted within the embassy.) The U.S. has also confirmed that last May the microwave dosage suddenly increased sharply.

Gamma Guppy. Last week there were reports that the Government has worked out a mild compromise with Moscow. According to these accounts, the Soviets have decreased the microwave bombardment to pre-May levels—but they have not halted it, as the Government is still demanding. In exchange, the U.S. has removed some equipment from the embassy. Among other things, U.S. surveillance gear has allegedly been used for a project called Gamma Guppy that has tried to eavesdrop on conversations conducted by members of the Soviet Politburo in their limousines. The State Department refused to comment on the compromise, but officials said wire-mesh guards ("mosquito screens" that deflect 90% of the microwaves) have been installed across embassy windows.

Why is Washington being so close-mouthed about the affair? "Maybe we're doing the same thing back in triple spades," suggested a former Moscow resident. Another theory is that Kissinger has soft-pedaled the issue for fear of further damaging détente.

In any case, TIME has learned that the State Department last week decided to launch a full-scale medical investigation of the thousands of U.S. diplomats and their families who served in Moscow since the early 1960s. In the wake of the microwave disclosures, former embassy employees and their families have recalled suffering strange ailments during their tenure in Moscow, ranging from eye tics and headaches to heavy menstrual flows. Some point out that former Ambassadors to Moscow Charles Bohlen and Llewellyn Thompson both died of cancer, within the last two years one other Moscow diplomat died of cancer, and five women who lived there have undergone cancer-related mastectomies—although no medical authorities attribute these deaths and illnesses to radiation.

Only in recent weeks has Ambassador Walter Stoessel (who is said to be



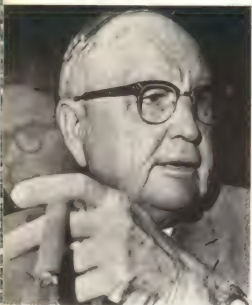
SOVIET EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON

A curious, continuing reticence.

suffering from anemia and eye hemorrhaging) been briefing embassy staffers on the situation. Rumors that the waves can cause leukemia, sterility in males or birth defects are circulating around the embassy. But morale remains good, nobody has yet requested a transfer, and some employees even manage weak jokes about the affair ("You're looking radiant today, dear"). "No one's mad at Stoessel," explains one diplomat in Moscow. "The resentment is directed against top management in Washington for not leveling with us."

No Link. How much danger do the waves present? "All we've been told," one employee in the Moscow embassy noted wryly, "is that the waves might cause slight insomnia and irritability. What difference would that make in Moscow? We're all irritable insomniacs anyway." In fact, U.S. Government studies say there could be harmful effects from microwave exposure due to their "cooking" of human cells. But no link to cancer has been demonstrated.

Back home, the Democrats have not made a campaign issue of the affair—so far. But cold-warring Scoop Jackson will probably speak out sharply if the waves are not completely switched off pretty soon. Meanwhile, some former employees are considering legal action. One tactic may be to sue the department for more details, under the Freedom of Information Act. Anxieties about long-range effects of microwave exposure persist. Said one angry former Moscow resident: "One of the things I'm not going to give up my life for is intercepting the conversations of Leonid Brezhnev in his limousine."



MISSISSIPPI SENATOR JAMES EASTLAND



FORMER DOUBLE AGENT TOLLIVER

ESPIONAGE

Soviet Spying on Capitol Hill

Posing as diplomats, embassy officials and newsmen, Soviet intelligence agents have been conducting a determined effort to get classified information on Capitol Hill by bribing or compromising staff members in key positions. TIME has learned that in more than a dozen cases in the last decade or so the FBI has stepped in to "control" the relationship, fearing a staffer might begin giving out restricted data. In some cases, the FBI has used the aide as a double agent, allowing him to pass on worthless material while actually spying on the Soviet officials. To date, the FBI says, it has found no staffer who has given unauthorized information to the Russians.

Charming Official. The Soviet KGB agents—who constitute an estimated 40% of the embassy staff in Washington—concentrate on the Foreign Relations and Armed Services committees, which receive secret testimony and intelligence briefings. The agents apparently make no real efforts to suborn the Senators or Congressmen on the committees. "The Soviets may be a bit clumsy, but they aren't fools," says an intelligence source. "They know that a Congressman or a Senator is pretty much a prisoner of his staff. What he knows, the staff knows, and it's easier to get the information from the staff."

The names of aides who are now double agents, or who have been systematically wooed by the Kremlin, are being kept under tight security. But one case has been uncovered that illustrates how the Soviets work the halls of Congress. James Kappus, 29, a printing con-

sultant in Largo, Md., became an assistant to Wisconsin Congressman Alvin E. O'Konski in 1967. At the time, O'Konski, who retired from Congress in 1973, was a member of the House Armed Services Committee. Kappus recalls how he met a charming Soviet embassy official named Boris A. Sedov and was soon being invited to Soviet embassy parties. Kappus was genuinely dazzled. "I was just a kid," says he, "two years out of Eau Claire, Wis., and there I was—waiting to be introduced to the ambassador."

In ways that remain a mystery to Kappus, the FBI learned about his friendship with Sedov. With O'Konski's approval, the bureau began supervising Kappus' contacts with the Russian, who was actually a KGB spy. At Sedov's suggestion, Kappus first wrote a story for a Soviet newspaper about presidential candidates for the 1968 election. He was paid only \$20, but in the months that followed, Kappus received some \$2,000 more for passing on unclassified information that had first been screened by the FBI. "We both knew that I had been 'compromised,'" says Kappus. "Sedov didn't talk about it and neither did I, but we both understood it."

Sedov began pressing Kappus for classified information. Where did O'Konski keep classified documents? Could Kappus get at them? When Kappus hesitated, Sedov said, "You know, I helped you out when things were tough."

Kappus insists that he never did turn over any secret material to Sedov. Their relationship ended in 1970 when Kap-

pus went into the Army and the Russian was called home.

Another Capitol Hill aide who says he worked as a double agent is Kenneth R. Tolliver, 42, now an advertising man in Greenville, Miss. In 1966, Tolliver joined the staff of Mississippi Senator James O. Eastland, a staunch friend of the Pentagon. Although U.S. intelligence sources cast doubt on some parts of his story, Tolliver says he was recruited by the Soviets in 1968 and—with the approval of the FBI—began providing information. He also performed chores for the Russians, such as getting labor permits and Social Security cards for "illegals"—a term for spies. That same year, after learning about Tolliver's activities, Eastland dropped him from his staff. The former aide claims he continued to work as a double agent until 1974. In all, Tolliver says, he received nearly \$20,000 from the Russians, which he turned over to the FBI.

Long Harangues. In the past two years, the Soviets have substantially increased their efforts to penetrate Congress. They are particularly anxious to tap the committee that is expected to be created to oversee U.S. intelligence agencies, including the CIA and the FBI.

The Soviet intelligence squad on Capitol Hill is at least 15 strong. One of the prominent members is Yuri Barsakov, whose cover is the Izvestia News Agency. Says a Senate aide: "Barsakov is right out of central casting. He's a heavy guy with bushy eyebrows. He offers tips on Soviet affairs, hoping to swap that dope for information." Another well-known operator is Igor Bubnov, an embassy counselor, who is described by a Senate staffer as "impossible—pompous and arrogant" and given to delivering long harangues in defense of his country. Other members of the Soviet squad: Anatoly I. Davydov, second secretary at the embassy; Victor F. Isakov, counselor; Vladimir A. Vikoulov, attaché; Vadim Kuznetsov, an embassy official; Stanislav Kondrahov, an Izvestia reporter; Ikav Zavrzhnov and Alexander Kokorev, both embassy secretaries; Andre Kokoshin, librarian; Anatole Kotov, attaché; and Embassy Officials Alexander Ereskovsky, Vladimir Trifonov, Alexander Rozanov and Valeri Ivanov.

A great deal of the Soviet effort in Congress takes place in the open—and is legal. Agents cover congressional hearings and collect reports and printed matter of all kinds. Higher-level Soviet agents work, legitimately and publicly, like regular lobbyists, trying to sell Congressmen and Senators the Soviet position on crucial strategic matters.

Last fall, after hearing Vice President Nelson Rockefeller discuss the subject with concern, Senator Barry Goldwater told newsmen that Soviet agents had infiltrated the offices of seven Senators. In the ensuing furor, 52 Congressmen endorsed a letter asking Senator Frank Church, chairman of the Select Committee on Intelligence Activities, to

look into the charges. Church, in turn, asked the FBI to investigate.

On Oct. 30, just two days after he got the request, FBI Director Clarence Kelley issued a report confirming that the KGB had tried to reach people who could provide sensitive information. But the report concluded there was no information indicating that "Soviet KGB officers have infiltrated any congressional staffs." On the side, Kelley gave Church a still-secret report on Soviet activities that is said to contain material about the cases in which the bureau "doubled" (turned into double agents) the KGB's congressional contacts.

Church, however, ignored the secret report. Preoccupied with his own investigation of U.S. intelligence operations, he seized upon the other report from Kelley to announce that the "allegations" about Soviet spying had been "put to rest." His committee did not even discuss the Soviet electronic "bug" that fell out of a chair in the House Foreign Affairs Committee room in 1973.

DISASTERS

Death at Black Mountain

In the murky depths of the Scotia Coal Company's No. 1 Black Mountain Mine, 108 men were at work one morning last week. Suddenly, four miles from the tunnel's entrance, a violent methane-gas explosion ripped through a passageway, shaking the pine-studded mountains of Owen Fork in southeastern Kentucky. Nine men died instantly. Six others survived the blast for a time with their portable air units. But apparently thinking their way out was blocked, the six shielded themselves from fumes with pieces of canvas and awaited rescuers; they were found dead of suffocation.

It took eight rescue teams twelve hours to find the 15 bodies. There were no blocked passageways, but dense clouds of methane had to be ventilated section by section as the teams painstakingly made their way to the victims. The day before the blast, the mine had been cited for three violations of fed-

eral ventilation laws—and only two of the violations had been corrected. But 11 of 36 sprinklers used to dampen inflammable coal dust were not operating. There is no indication, however, that this was in any way connected with the explosion. Nor do officials know how the fatal quantity of methane gathered in the passageway—or what ignited it.

Two days after the explosion, a group of 13 inspectors and miners were deep in the same mine, strengthening a section of roof and repairing the ventilation system. The group was also trying to find out what had caused the calamity. Then disaster struck again, in precisely the same way: another gas explosion. Two men managed to escape, but eleven were killed—three federal inspectors and eight miners. Though their bodies have been located, concentrations of methane—and fears of yet another explosion—prevented their immediate removal. Funerals for men who died in the first explosion were going on when the second occurred. Since then, church bells have tolled continuously in memorial services throughout Letcher and Harlan counties, the two impoverished Appalachian

RELATIVES REACT TO NEWS OF DEATHS



MINER'S GRIEVING FAMILY AT MILITARY FUNERAL IN NEARBY WHITESBURG



areas steeped in coal-mining history.

One of the victims in the second explosion was James Sturgill, 48, a 14-year veteran of the area's bituminous coal mines. His cousin Jimmy, 20, had died in the first blast, and Sturgill readily volunteered to join the group that went down to investigate. The blast was "a fluke," Sturgill had said. "I'm no more afraid to go into the mine than I ever was. This is a fact of life that coal men must live with. If you thought about the dangers, it would drive you out of your mind. I don't think about it. You've got to die some time."

TRIALS

The Queen of the S.L.A.?

For more than two days, they fought like a couple of pit dogs. There was the famed defense attorney, pacing and grimacing as he used all his wiles and powers of vituperation. Opposite him, in the witness chair, sat the prosecution's man, a tall, imperious figure with a shaved head, who gave every bit as good as he got. In its seventh week the trial of Patty Hearst turned into a sarcastic duel between F. Lee Bailey and Dr. Joel Fort, the quirky, combative witness for the prosecution. Doggedly, almost desperately, Bailey strove to discredit Fort, and for good reason. With the jurors out of the room, Bailey acknowledged that if the seven women and five men accepted what Fort had to say about Patty, "that would be the end of the case."

The clash between Bailey and Fort was inevitable. The two men have certain similarities—including enormous egos. Like Bailey, Fort is an author and lecturer; like Bailey, he has been criticized for his style and methods. In 1967 Fort was fired by the city of San Francisco as director of the Center for Special Problems because officials claimed he was incorrectly using funds to treat

RESCUER ENTERS MINE AFTER BLASTS





PATTY HEARST (CENTER) LEAVING HOSPITAL
More than a mere soldier.

hippies with drug problems. In recent years, Fort has operated mental health and drug-treatment programs in the city. Fort also has been in quite a few courtrooms, appearing as a witness in some 270 trials, including those of Charles Manson and Timothy Leary.

Less Horsh. Preparing for last week's testimony, Fort spent 300 hours trying to learn all he could about Patty and the case—reading the mountain of documents, talking to her relatives and friends, and even spending an hour in one of the closets where she was held. For 15 hours he talked to Patty herself.

Questioned initially by U.S. Attorney James L. Browning Jr., Fort implied that Patty's treatment was a good deal less harsh than she or the defense psychiatrists described it. He stated, for example, that the closet where she spent her first four weeks was equipped with a foam mattress, a pillow and a reading light. After her blindfold was removed, she read S.L.A. tracts and Frantz Fanon's *Wretched of the Earth*, a required text for Third World revolutionaries.

Early on, Fort said, Patty had been attracted "to the purposes of the S.L.A." He attributed this reaction to her poor rapport with her family, a dissatisfaction with her life with Fiance Steven Weed, and a yearning for excitement. He estimated that she had willingly joined the S.L.A. about six weeks before the robbery of the Hibernia Bank branch in San Francisco on April 15, 1974.

On the day of the robbery, said Fort, Patty was suffering "no neurosis or mental disease." Contrary to the basic contention of the defense, he went on, Patty "did not perform the bank robbery because she was in fear of her life. She did it as a voluntary member of the S.L.A."

"Was she a soldier in an 'army of

THE NATION

generals?" asked Browning, echoing a phrase used by a defense witness.

"No, I think she was a queen in the army," responded Fort. As Fort spoke, Patty Hearst sat rigidly erect at the defense table, following every word, occasionally shaking her head in denial at the witness. Once, when Fort suggested she did not resist having sex with S.L.A. Member William Wolfe, she started to rise, apparently in anger. Bailey pressed her back down into her chair.

During his cross-examination Bailey sarcastically noted that in advance of his court appearance Fort had composed a four-page "anti-press release," complete with biographical data, and had coupled it with a request for anonymity.

"Your method of protecting your anonymity," Bailey asked incredulously, "was to send out twelve copies of this release to members of the press?" He also got Fort to acknowledge that he was not certified as a psychiatrist, although he had spent a one-year internship and a three-year residency in the field. Snapped Bailey: "I doubt he [Fort] has the ability to recognize a traumatic neurosis if he fell over one."

Bailey also brought out that Fort was being paid \$50 an hour to work on the case—about standard for the Government—and that his bill would run to \$12,500, which is high.

Bailey and Browning had hoped to wrap up their cases by week's end, but on Thursday the defendant came down with the flu. Wearing a surgical mask and running a slight fever (100.2 F.), she was taken for tests to a U.S. Public Health Service hospital. Judge Oliver J. Carter has told the weary jury members he hopes they will be able to withdraw into seclusion this weekend to pass judgment on Patty Hearst.

CRIME

The Bishop Murders

Alerted by a lookout tower, Forest Ranger Ronald Brickhouse rushed to a rural logging road five miles south of Columbia, N.C., to investigate a brushfire. Brickhouse arrived at the scene and discovered what looked like a small blaze, burning away with no apparent cause. Near by he soon found the cause—a freshly dug ditch with five smoldering bodies, two women and three young boys. Off to the side were a 5-gal. gasoline can, a shovel and garden fork, and some tire tracks.

North Carolina police were quickly summoned, and found that all of the victims had died less than 24 hours earlier and all but one from brutal beatings around the head. The police began broadcasting descriptions of the five bodies to enforcement authorities along the East Coast; for almost a week they received no help. Meantime the North Carolina State Bureau of Investigation managed to trace the shovel found at the murder scene by its serial number to the store where it had been bought—Poch Hardware in Potomac, Md. A flyer was left in the store with pictures of the bodies.

Good Hunch. That same morning, a policeman from Montgomery, Md., investigated the home of William Bradford Bishop Jr. in Bethesda, just outside of Washington, D.C. There had been no signs of life there for a week, and a worried neighbor in the close-knit community had called the police. In four bedrooms of the Bishop home and on the stairs, the policeman discovered blotchy splatters of blood. Otherwise there were no signs of forced entry or physical vi-

MULTIPLE-MURDER GRAVE SITE NEAR COLUMBIA, N.C., BISHOP (TOP) AND SON WILLIAM



Are you still smoking?

In the years since the criticism against smoking first appeared, many people have given up cigarettes. But many more people haven't.

And that's who we'd like to talk to. That even larger group of people who are still smoking today.

If you're still a smoker, you've probably heard the charges leveled against 'tar' and nicotine. You may have become concerned. And chances are you even tried to do something about it. Like trying several of those empty-tasting low 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes.

If you're like a lot of other smokers, you probably went right back to your old brand, and concluded that a good-tasting low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette has never been invented.

Well, if that's the case, you haven't tried Vantage.

Vantage cuts down substantially on the 'tar' and nicotine you may have become concerned about. Without cutting out that satisfying tobacco flavor you've come to appreciate.

Now Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can smoke. But it may well be the lowest you'll enjoy.

To put it simply, Vantage still tastes like a cigarette.

So, if you still smoke, but would like to cut down on 'tar' and nicotine, Vantage is one cigarette you should seriously consider.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report SEPT. '75.

Radio, adflation fighter.

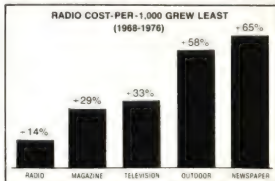
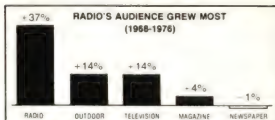
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Ad costs are rising rapidly. But Radio is going up much less than other media. That's what top agencies predict in the annual Media Decisions magazine rate trend report.

And an independent Ted Bates study comes out the same way. Radio audiences growing most, cost of reaching 1,000 consumers in Radio up least.

Check out the facts in the charts. Then check with Radio Advertising Bureau. They'll give you case histories on how Radio advertisers sell to **every target audience**. RAB has the facts—including the major new ARMS II media mix study—to help you beat adflation.

But the most important fact RAB can document is that Radio really sells while it stretches ad budgets. You can reach RAB at 555 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.



Source: Annual analysis of Ted Bates & Co., New York. Spot and network data averaged by RAB Research Department.

This message presented by the CBS Radio Network in support of the Radio industry.

What do you say to a "lost" child?

Meet Paulo. He's five years old and lives in the streets in a teeming city of Brazil. We lost him.

We spoke to him but briefly and then he darted back into the "favela" (slum) which is his only world. "I cannot return to where my parents live," Paulo said, "because my father always beats me." Then he was gone.

His bed is the dirt pavement, his roof the sky. He finds his food and clothing in garbage. He's always frightened and hungry... his eyes are always searching.

But for many people Paulo is just a statistic. Hungry children in the world are no longer considered important news, even though one-fourth of the world's children like him are almost always hungry and one-tenth on the brink of death because of lack of food. With world population increasing at a conservative estimate of 250,000 per day and food production lagging, it is probable that more than 10 million children will die of hunger within the next year. Will Paulo be one of them?

We don't know, and the chances are remote we can find him again. But we can try, just as we are trying to find assistance for nearly 20,000 children who already are registered by Christian Children's Fund and await a sponsor who will



help provide food, clothing, housing and medical care.

But we need your concern, your help. There are millions of others like Paulo who are barely clinging to life, children old before their time like Paulo—children for whom entry into our program could mean the difference.

We must care about these children. We

must learn to be generous again, with our emotions and concern as well as with our wealth. We must return to the grass roots to assist individuals rather than nations. We must curb our own wastefulness. We must declare war on hunger. We must make a commitment. We must do something.

The world is full of children who are hurting like Paulo. Will you help now? Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this grass roots way of sharing your love and relative prosperity with desperate children like Paulo—who want only a chance to survive in a hungry world.

You can sponsor a child for only \$15 a month. Please fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check. You will receive your sponsored child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the child's project and environment. You will be encouraged to write to the child and your letters will be answered.

You can have the satisfaction of knowing your concern made the difference. It is late. Somewhere in the world a child is waiting.

We will send you a Statement of Income and Expense upon request.

I want to help!

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

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Mail today to: Dr. Verent J. Mills
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Some wives work outside the home. Others work inside.

Both are equal partners. And both need working-wife life insurance for compelling, but different, reasons.

Consider. If you're a wife working full time, you provide — on average — almost 40% of your family's income. If you should die, your husband and children would not only sorely miss you as wife and mother but would probably find it hard getting along without your paycheck.

If you're the typical young housewife with children, on the other hand, you

spend up to 100 hours a week as nurse-maid, cook, laundress, cleaner, gardener and chauffeur.

If you die, your spouse would have to hire someone to look after the children and the home. And that could be very costly.

Life insurance cannot replace you in either case, of course. But it can guarantee that your loved ones could maintain the standard of living you'd want them to have.

Working-wife policies. They're just one of the many approaches to life insurance that your New York Life Agent can suggest to protect your family's financial security. Talk to him or her, soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



olence. None of the Bishops' neighbors could later recall any screams heard in the night, and none had any idea about what might have happened to the missing family.

But the Montgomery police had heard about the unidentified bodies unearthed in North Carolina, and the flyer that had been posted at Poch Hardware. On a hunch, they took the flyer from the store and showed it to a young woman who had been a babysitter for the Bishops. Shown the grisly photos, she cried out: "That's the Bishop family!" The flyer showed Annette Bishop, 37, her husband's mother, Mrs. Lobelia Bishop, 68, and the Bishop boys, William Bradford III, 14, Brenton, 10, and Geoffrey, 5. The only missing member of the family was Bradford Bishop, 39. Says North Carolina Attorney General Rufus Edmisten, once Senator Sam Ervin's assistant during the Watergate hearings, "Everything just fell into place" after that

hunch by the local Maryland police.

As police reconstructed the killings, the murderer apparently bludgeoned the boys after they went to bed, since all of them were still wearing their pajamas when they were found. The mother and grandmother, who had on daytime clothes, were apparently attacked before retiring. The killer carried out the five bodies at night, lugging them over the 13 cement slabs that form a stepping-stone walk to the driveway, and presumably throwing them into the family's Chevrolet Malibu wagon, which has still not been found. The drive to the North Carolina grave site must have taken five hours.

No Marital Problems. The police could not offer any explanation for the bizarre slayings. The missing Bradford Bishop was considered by his friends to be hard-working and considerate. A 1959 graduate of Yale, with a master's degree in history from Middlebury College, Vt., Bishop had served in the For-

eign Service for half a dozen years in Ethiopia, Italy and Botswana. For the past year he was a \$26,000 federal official with a lengthy title: assistant chief, Special Trade Activities and Commercial Treaties Division, Office of International Trade, Bureau of Economic and Business Affairs. Neighbors and relatives could recall no marital problems between Bishop and Annette.

Some friends thought Bishop might have resented his mother, who lived with the family and was described by some as domineering. Still others suspected that Bishop might have been a spy and that he and his family could be victims of a rub-out reminiscent of the film *Three Days of the Condor*. But no persuasive proof was offered to support this theory. In any case, the police let it be known that fingerprints had been found on the gasoline can next to the burial site, and at week's end they issued a warrant for Bishop's arrest for the murder of his wife.

TIME ESSAY

Never Underestimate the Power of Incumbents

Until the Florida primary, it could be argued—and Ronald Reagan's people were so arguing—that the 1976 election was unlike any other in our history, and that therefore the old rules did not apply. They did not apply particularly inside the Republican Party since, after all, this is the first time the country has had a President who has not his party's choice for national office. Still, all past experience points in one direction and can hardly be ignored. Its lesson is the tremendous advantage of incumbency. That advantage is too often low rated, as if it were no more than an intangible plus, like the home-court advantage in basketball, which usually—though not always—reverses up the home team. The incumbent's advantage is really much more than that.

In fact, in the past 40 years every sitting President who has run for re-election has won. These 40 years are the only proper ones for making presidential comparisons because they encompass the modern presidency—that cataclysmic expansion of federal services and presidential powers that began with Franklin Roosevelt. So simple and quiet was the White House even in Herbert Hoover's time that Hoover, the last of the old era, continued the custom of shaking hands with tourists for an hour every day. He had another distinction: he was the last sitting President to be defeated at the polls.

Roosevelt, of course, stayed in the White House until death overtook him (and felt so possessive of the office that when running for his fourth term in wartime, he argued ingenuously that the Commander in Chief, like an ordinary soldier, had a duty to stay on the job). The advantage of occupying the Oval Office worked even for those accidental Presidents who, like Gerald Ford, were raised up from Vice President in an emergency. Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson both stepped into the presidency in mid-term, then went on to win election on their own. Perhaps both decided not to run a second time because they thought that they would not win. But this suggests an-

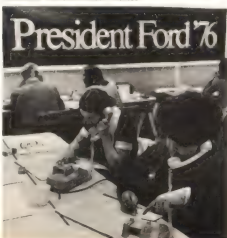
other conclusion from history: if neither Truman nor Johnson could have been re-elected, the successors chosen by their party could not make it either. Ronald Reagan and the Republican delegates will have to think about that.

The real peril point in modern presidential politics is the baton-passing moment when a sitting President tries to transfer power to a successor. This has never been done successfully in modern politics. Such elections have been the only ones in modern times when the White House shifted to the other party. Truman could not pass the keys of office to Stevenson, nor Eisenhower to Nixon, nor L.B.J. to Hubert Humphrey.

With the best of will on all sides, the baton-passing act is precarious enough. Even to be designated a President's heir apparent is a dubious honor. Hoover thought it a handicap. The heir inherits his predecessor's crowd of officeholders, loyal to someone else, and does not have a team of his own to start with. When he campaigns, as Hoover was later to complain, he is stuck with defending even those mistakes of his predecessor that he is anxious to undo. This is one reason why Adlai Stevenson wanted the record to show that the Democratic Party had drafted him. The day after Stevenson praised Harry Truman in his 1952 acceptance speech, he wrote privately to Publisher Alicia Patterson: "The line to emphasize is that I am not Truman's candidate. He asked me and I turned it down."

Humphrey's humiliating treatment by Johnson is well known. Remember Candidate Humphrey's squirming incapacity as Vice President to separate himself from L.B.J.'s Viet Nam policy? Looking on, Nixon advised his speechwriters: "Be very careful not to reflect on Johnson. Johnson is not playing Humphrey's game, so let's not get too biting. Use something like the Administration of which our opponent was a part." Nixon knew,

MANNING THE CAMPAIGN PHONES



ESSAY

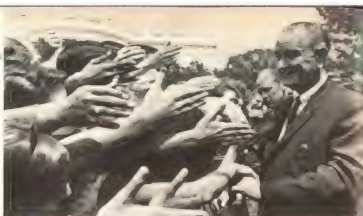
and feared, that even a President as unpopular as Johnson could still use the incumbent's advantage to spring a cease-fire favorable to the Democrats just before the election. Humphrey was coming up so fast in the final weeks that Nixon barely squeaked in Johnson's long-anticipated proclamation of a bombing halt did not come until Oct. 31, delayed by President Nguyen Van Thieu's failure to go along with him. As Nixon Speechwriter William Safire has written, "When people later wondered why Nixon thought so highly of President Thieu, they did not recall that Nixon probably would not be President were it not for Thieu."

To propose a cease-fire in wartime at a politically favorable moment may be an extreme example of an incumbent's advantage. But there are others available to any incumbent, including Gerald Ford. He has long months in advance to structure events his way. He can postpone political actions until after an election; he can arrange (as Ford already has) for election-year tax cuts, with the willing cooperation of Congressmen of both parties, who will hope to benefit politically too. In all reaches of government, ambitious political appointees unabashedly time their popular and unpopular actions by the election clock if anything can be arranged favorably, it will be.

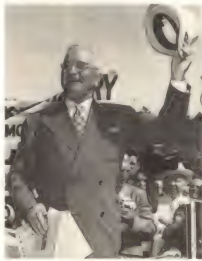
An incumbent who can thus sometimes manipulate foreign affairs and the economy is in an even better position to control appearances. Presidential Press Secretary Ron Nessen once complained of the "terrible political liabilities" of incumbency, because "no other candidate has to live with the consequences of his actions." On the face of it, this is a pretty silly whine, since of course no other candidate has such an unrivaled chance to show what he can do, or so much visibility in whatever he does. Look at the recent desperate scrambling of Democratic unknowns even to get known, let alone known for their views. No one could blame them for getting discouraged, not so much by their poor standing in the polls as by their low marks in what pollsters call the recognition factor.

The White House has always been a stage, though a distant one; television, bringing the audience close up, has greatly increased the theatricality of presidential politics. Even if a President does not quite know what to do about the economy, he can at least pose with his solemn advisers, conveying the impression that he is busy handling things, or at any rate working on the problems. If relations with another country are wintry, they can be left to the ambassador or an Under Secretary of State; if they are promising, the other leader will be as anxious as Henry Kissinger and the President to be on camera, all eager to show that they are reasonable men. Behind all these stagings, of course, stands a taxpayer-paid network of presidential advisers, handlers and public relations men, all concerned to put the best face on whatever situation the President finds himself in. There is yet another incumbent's subtle advantage. This is the voter's longing to have a President, even one he might not have voted for, look good in office. Coming to power in the way he did, Gerald Ford was the very special beneficiary of a universal desire that he succeed in the presidency.

But what if, come convention time, the mood of the country (not just among Republicans) was that Ford, though a decent fellow, was not really up to the job? Could the Republicans then choose someone else? With the momentum Ford has gained in the early primaries, it seems unlikely that he would withdraw. Until Florida, several potential Republican candidates—John Connally, Nelson Rockefeller, Charles Percy and Howard Baker—could entertain hopes that Reagan might knock Ford out, only to be found unacceptable, accused of regicide. These men



JOHNSON PRESSING THE FLESH ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN, 1965



TRUMAN GREETED BY CROWDS (1948)
In a position to control.

now seem entirely out of it. Reagan himself vows to go all the way to the convention. What if, through circumstances not now foreseeable, Reagan were to win at Kansas City? In Republican terms, that would be an awkward baton-passing ceremony indeed. Presumably, Gerald Ford would play the good sport, would lock upraised arms with his successor in the television lights and manfully pledge to support the ticket. But have Reagan supporters—and even in defeat, they represent nearly half the Republican vote cast so far—considered what would happen next?

Any Republican nominee but Ford would immediately find himself on an equal footing with his Democratic opponent in the most important respect of all. The public that constantly sees and gradually gets used to any man in office as President can only guess how a candidate, even an anointed one, might do in the job. The only close elections in recent years have been those without a familiar incumbent, so that the public had to imagine

how either of the two rival candidates would be as President, whether Kennedy or Nixon in 1960, or Humphrey and Nixon in 1968, would look more presidential coming down the steps of Air Force One to the strains of *Hail to the Chief*.

In addition, any Republican nominee but Gerald Ford would have a special problem, indeed a unique one. Ford, though repudiated by his own party, would still be the White House incumbent for the balance of the year. Any other Republican nominee would then find himself at the most vulnerable angle of a triangle. Presumably having vowed to close ranks in the interests of party harmony, he would be in no position to run against, or repudiate, Ford's Administration. He could therefore expect to be cross-examined closely by the Democratic opponent and the press about whether he supports or disagrees with every step Ford takes during the rest of his term. A mild foretaste of how this would work can be seen in the instructions Nixon passed to his "attack squad" in 1968: "All speakers should ask over and over again for Humphrey to name one issue where he differs from L.B.J. or the policies of the last four years." Humphrey has said that he offers new leadership—make him indicate those areas where he thinks the old leadership fails. "Such are the problems that get passed along with the baton, which may be why baton passing has had such poor results."

History never dictates, it only suggests. What it suggests is that Republicans, for all the lack of enthusiasm for Ford among some of them, will in the end find themselves heeding Hilaire Belloc's cautionary tale for children, the one about "Jim, Who ran away from his Nurse and was eaten by a Lion!":

*And always keep a hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse.*

Thomas Griffith

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SOVIET-SUPPLIED MISSILES IN CAIRO PARADE LAST YEAR



ISRAELIS TRAINING WITH AMERICAN-MADE M-60 TANKS

THE WORLD

ARMAMENTS

A Deadly Race That No One Can Win

"We are grown men playing with dangerous toys." So said one veteran Israeli officer last week, referring to the race for arms in the Middle East, which is now outdistancing the search for peace. Hardly a week passes without the announcement of a new weapons deal somewhere in the region. Initially, the goal of the race was the replacement by Israel and the Arabs of weapons lost during the 1973 October War. But this seems to have triggered a cycle of action and reaction in which each side now strives to better the arsenal of the other. As a result, both sides are not only stronger than before the October War but are also acquiring some of the world's most sophisticated weaponry (see chart). Thus they have raised the potential destructiveness of another Middle East war to chilling new heights.

The Arab arms buildup is particularly worrisome to Israel and its American Jewish supporters. With predictable grumbling from Jerusalem, the U.S. has sold arms to Jordan, Saudi Arabia and other Arab states that played minor roles in the 1973 war. This month, though, Washington announced that it intends to sell six C-130 Hercules military transport planes to Egypt (total cost \$50 million). Fearing that this may merely foreshadow future large-scale arms shipments to the Egyptians, leaders of American Jewish organizations last week warned President Ford they were "strenuously opposed" to the deal, and that any further sales to Cairo might alienate Jewish voters. The Administration, which anticipated the "calculated

outrage" of the Jewish community, argues that the sale helps Cairo preserve its independence from the Soviets. It also enables Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to demonstrate to his radical critics that his willingness to make some accommodation with Jerusalem can pay dividends. This is in Israel's interest as much as in America's.

Whether or not war breaks out, the participants—with the possible exception of Egypt—are better prepared than ever. Items:

ISRAEL now has more tanks, armored vehicles and long-range artillery than ever, most of it from the U.S. Next year the Israeli air force will take de-

livery of the first of 25 F-15 Eagles, the newest, fastest (top speed: Mach 2.5) and most agile U.S. fighter. Israel's other combat planes (principally F-4 Phantoms and the Israeli-designed Kfir) are being outfitted with the latest electronic gadgets to aid in night flying missions and foil anti-aircraft missiles. The Shrike air-to-surface missile has been deployed to knock out the radars on which anti-aircraft batteries depend. In addition, Israel is receiving "smart" bombs, which can be guided onto targets. Still on Jerusalem's shopping list are American RPVs (remotely piloted vehicles), which can counter the Arabs' Russian-built SAMs by drawing anti-aircraft fire. To

Middle East Arsenals

Armed forces ↑ Combat planes ↑ Tanks
Artillery ↓ SAM batteries



THE WORLD

bolster its ground forces. Jerusalem is acquiring the TOW antitank missiles, the Cobra helicopter gunship and the most lethal version of the M-60 tank.

SYRIA has replaced and upgraded all the equipment it lost in 1973, thanks to the Soviet Union. Damascus has received hundreds of top-of-the-line T-62 battle tanks, 45 MIG-23 fighter-bombers, unpiloted drone planes and hundreds of antiaircraft missiles. Its 50 Scud surface-to-surface missiles can reach virtually all of Israel's populated areas. To enable Damascus to operate properly all its new, ultrasophisticated military hardware, there are now more than 2,000 Soviet advisers with the Syrian armed forces, while Cubans serve in Syrian tanks and North Koreans and Pakistanis fly some of the MIGs.

JORDAN, which committed only two brigades to the 1973 war and suffered small losses, will get 14 Hawk antiaircraft batteries from the U.S. in 1977. It has also obtained 42 secondhand American-made F-5A jet fighters from Iran and 36 of the newest version of that plane—the F-5E—from Washington. In addition, Amman is busily improving its vintage M-48 Patton tanks by installing diesel engines and more powerful guns.

EGYPT is perhaps the only Middle East nation that has not fully replenished its arsenal since 1973. Reason: the chilly Cairo-Moscow relations led to a near cessation of arms deliveries from the Soviet Union. With cash provided by Saudi Arabia and other oil-rich states, President Anwar Sadat has been turning to Western sources of supply. To France for as many as 150 Mirage 5 fighter jets, Britain for up to 80 Jaguar fighter-bombers and 20 Westland Lynx helicopters, and Italy for electronic equipment. With French and British help, Egypt soon hopes to start constructing its own arms-manufacturing plants. If Congress approves the sale of the C-130s to Cairo, it is likely that Washington will then offer Egypt a range of such combat support items as communication equipment and mine detectors.

Middle East states not on the front line in the Arab-Israeli dispute have also expanded their arsenals. Saudi Arabia has bought 300 tanks from the U.S. and Britain, and has an additional 500 on order; it will also soon receive 128 fighter jets from the U.S. and France. Iraq is beefing up its arsenal with orders to the Soviets for 40 MIG-23s, in addition to the 30 they already have. Libya last year signed a \$2 billion arms deal with the Soviets that includes 24 MIG-23s, 1,100 tanks, 800 armored personnel carriers and 50 batteries of antiaircraft missiles. Since these enormous quantities are well beyond Libya's defense needs, Israeli officials view them as a kind of "Arab weapons-supply depot" accessible to any nation willing to fight Israel. The huge Saudi and Iraqi arsenals could be put to the same use. Compounding Jerusalem's worries about the Arab arms buildup was the creation last year of a

joint Syrian-Jordanian military command on Israel's eastern front.

Although the arms balance is heavily stacked numerically in favor of the Arab states, most Western experts still feel that Israel could defeat any combination of its enemies' forces. What gives the Israelis this edge is their superiority in such areas as targeting missiles, electronic countermeasures, helicopter support and the ability to mobilize rapidly 400,000 superbly trained reserves. Israeli military officials agree with this assessment, but they also fear that by 1980 the sheer quantity of the Arabs' arms could cancel Israel's advantage. Privately, some Israeli politicians warn that if the military balance

tips against them, they may have no alternative but to develop a nuclear strike force, for which they already possess the materials and technical capability.

Even if that did not happen, another war in the next year or so would be far more costly to both sides than the last one. For Israel alone, according to U.S. intelligence estimates, the next round, if it involved the same combination of states that fought in 1973, might leave 8,000 Israelis dead and 36,000 wounded, compared with 2,527 killed and 6,027 wounded during the October War. Using the same ratio, Arab losses could soar from 22,000 dead in 1973 to 72,000; the number of wounded could increase from 54,000 to 325,000.

LEBANON

Back to the Brink with a Demi-Coup

Again, things blew up in Lebanon, giving the rest of the world a grim sense of *déjà vu*. Beirut's television station suddenly interrupted a news broadcast last Thursday to present startled viewers with the grim visage of Brigadier General Aziz Ahdab, commander of the Beirut military region. In cool, measured tones, he proclaimed a state of emergency and declared that he had just taken control of the country as Military Governor. Giving no hint as to his source of support, Ahdab called on President Suleiman Franjeh and Premier Rashid Karami to resign within 24 hours. "For the sake of national unity," Ahdab insisted that he had "no desire to rule" and called upon Parliament to select a new President within seven days.

While Lebanese army patrols and hundreds of Beirut militiamen fired off their guns to celebrate Ahdab's coup,

Beirut radio periodically rebroadcast the general's announcement, which was dubbed *Communiqué No. 1*. The message was ignored by President Franjeh, who remained safe inside his presidential palace at Baabda, on a hill overlooking the capital. The 150-man presidential guard, reinforced with armor units, was on alert and patrolled the grounds. "I am staying on to defend legality and legitimacy," Franjeh announced. "There are three conditions for vacating the presidency: resignation, death or dismissal by Parliament. None of these exist."

Pax Syria. As the 24-hour deadline passed, one of Franjeh's conditions was met when two-thirds of the 99-member Parliament agreed to ask him to step down. Still, Franjeh defiantly refused, although widespread anarchy and dangerously rising tensions increased

BRIGADIER GENERAL AZIZ AHDAB



MUTINEER LEADER KHATIB



military and political pressures on him to vacate the presidency. Meanwhile, nothing had been heard from Karami, who, ironically, had threatened to resign just before Ahdab had demanded his resignation.

What prompted Ahdab's demi-coup was the collapse of the fragile seven-week-old *Pax Syriana*—the Damascus-sponsored truce of Jan. 22. The authorities, charged Ahdab, had simply been unable to maintain order or begin to build a consensus in the divided country. This threatened to push Lebanon into renewed war between right-wing Christians and Moslem leftists. All last week gunmen again began erecting street barricades and kidnapping scores of civilians.

Self-Styled Army. The most alarming development was mutiny within Lebanon's 18,000-man army, which long was almost the sole national institution to remain generally above the confessional conflict. Now it is being split into antagonistic Moslem and Christian factions. Hundreds of Moslem soldiers deserted and took over army garrisons. Among them was Beaufort Castle—a massive stone fortress built 900 years ago by French Crusaders—which is within artillery range of settlements inside Israel. Many of the deserting Moslem troops were believed to be sympathetic to the Palestinian guerrillas, and there were fears last week that they might fire across the border—thereby provoking a strong Israeli retaliation that could easily spark a new Middle East war.

Mutiny also spread among Christian soldiers. Many had been angered when Moslem deserters in northern Lebanon earlier this month besieged the Christian town of Qobayat. Some Christian troops commandeered helicopters and rushed to help relieve the town, further infuriating the Moslems. The Christian soldiers were also incensed by the growth of the self-styled Lebanese Arab Army, composed primarily of Moslem deserters and led by Lieutenant Ahmad Khatib, 33, who had served in the regular army for eleven years before deserting in January. Originally, his army numbered about 70 men and was confined to a lone command post in the Bekaa Valley, but it has grown nearly fourteenfold in the past two months and controls about a dozen camps.

Khatib's basic appeal to Moslem soldiers is his charge—in part justified—that the Lebanese army is biased in favor of Christians. Only about 40% of the officers are Moslems, while they make up a disproportionately large share of the rank and file. Khatib wants the Lebanese constitution specifically to acknowledge the Arab character of the state; he also wants a reorganization of the army on a nonconfessional basis. Preoccupied with trying to maintain the cease-fire and stalemated by political bickering, the government paid little attention to Khatib and his growing band

of rebels, even though 250 army officers demanded that the government punish the mutineers.

The Syrian-arranged peace had failed to remove some of the basic causes of the civil war because of political feuding among Lebanon's many sectarian factions. The truce had promised reforms that would give the predominant Moslems a larger share of political power and economic programs to develop impoverished Moslem areas. Since January there has been virtually no progress toward these goals, despite intense mediation efforts by Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam, principal architect of the truce. Though Khaddam wields enormous influence in Lebanon, based largely on the presence there of close to 9,000 Syrian-trained soldiers of the Palestine Liberation Army, he was unable to force an end to what Beirut newspapers regularly deplore as their country's "political stagnation."

Khaddam flew to Beirut early last week, but left after a few days, having failed to come up with a plan upon which Lebanon's political and religious factions could agree. At the same time, mutinous Moslem soldiers rejected an offer of amnesty by a number of senior army officers, including General Saad. Instead, the Moslem deserters captured several more outposts.

Front Man. The combination of more stalemate and more rebellion evidently was the last straw for the military. Sitting in his Beirut headquarters beneath a portrait of Franjieh, Ahdab told reporters the morning after his surprise television broadcast: "For God's sake, we have been patient for ten months, and if we had waited one more day, there would have been uncontrollable bloodshed." The choice of Ahdab as the military's front man was apparently carefully calculated by a group of Christian and Moslem officers to give the coup a nonreligious character. He is the highest-ranking Sunni Moslem in the armed forces but is also respected by Christian officers.

As one Beirut Christian remarked, "I don't give a damn who runs the country as long as someone finally runs it." This widespread longing, however, will only be fulfilled if last week's attempted coup galvanizes Lebanese leaders into uniting to work for what has eluded them so far: creating a basis for permanent peace.

Elsewhere in the Arab world, there seemed to be as little unity as in Lebanon. Less than three years ago, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, Syria's Hafez Assad and Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi were seemingly the best of friends. No longer. Last week Assad intensified the Syrian rhetoric against



REBEL TROOPS OUTSIDE BEIRUT TV STATION
A split into antagonistic factions.

Egypt's policy of relying on U.S. peace initiatives. He denounced the second Sinai accord between Jerusalem and Cairo as "the mother of Arab setbacks." Sadat fired back that Assad's salvo was nothing but "narrow-minded party maneuvers."

Like Assad, Colonel Gaddafi is angered by Egypt's seemingly lukewarm support for the Palestine Liberation Organization. Recently, Gaddafi has begun denying visas to Egyptians seeking jobs in Libya and has recalled his official representative from Cairo. Last week Sadat tried to even the score. Egyptian authorities arrested 42 Libyans and accused them of having been sent by Gaddafi to assassinate prominent Egyptians and kidnap anti-Gaddafi Libyans living in Egypt. In retaliation, Libya expelled at least 3,000 Egyptian workers, many of whom—according to Cairo officials—had first been beaten and tortured.

SADAT, GADDAFI & ASSAD IN HAPPIER DAYS



SOUTH KOREA

More Dissent,
More Repression

According to Emergency Decree No. 9, criticizing the South Korean government is an offense punishable by not less than a year in prison. The decree, promulgated last May, was designed by President Park Chung Hee to stifle opposition, principally from intellectuals and Christian clergymen, to his authoritarian rule. But dissent continues in South Korea, and so, in the spirit of Decree No. 9, does repression.

Within the past two weeks, the Korean Central Intelligence Agency (KCIA) has arrested more than 30 of the country's leading dissidents. The most prominent prisoner is Kim Dae Jung, 50, the opposition leader who won 45% of the vote in the presidential elections of 1971 and has since been subject to almost continual government harassment—including a kidnapping in broad daylight from a Tokyo hotel by KCIA agents in 1973. Along with Kim, some 15 Christian clergymen were brought in to KCIA headquarters for interrogation, including Kim Kwan Suk, 57, the secretary general of the National Council of Churches in Korea. Also arrested were former Foreign Minister Chung Yil Hyung, 72, and his wife Kim Kwan Suk and several other dissidents (including seven women) were later released, but Kim Dae Jung and ten others are still in custody.

One-sided Accounts. The roundup was apparently a response to a recent public demand by twelve dissidents—including five religious leaders—that President Park resign. Meeting at Seoul's Myeongdong Cathedral on March 1—the 57th anniversary of a Korean uprising against Japanese colonial rule—the group issued a Declaration for Saving Korea. It labeled the country "a one-man dictatorship that tramples on human rights," and recommended "There is no other way for the Park regime but to accept responsibility by stepping down." The government's official answer was that the declaration was part of a plot "to throw our country into a state of utter social chaos in order to overthrow the government and take over."

The Park regime is in no mood to tolerate any opposition, no matter how it is expressed. Decree No. 9 also forbids newspapers from publishing anything about dissent, other than the government's official statements. Thus very few Koreans knew about the cathedral meeting or the arrests until the government made its own announcements ten days later.

The papers have printed one-sided accounts of other dissidents who have been locked away. Perhaps the most notable is the popular poet Kim Chi Ha, 35, who, after a brief month of freedom



KIM CHI HA & SON (IN 1975)
Solitary confinement.

from one imprisonment, has for the past year been kept in solitary confinement in Seoul's West Gate Prison. He is accused of being a Communist—a charge Kim and his supporters deny.

Park's justification for cracking down on dissent is that Western-style liberal democracy is unsuitable for South Korea, especially while it faces the danger of aggression from the Communist North. His tough measures have been successful in keeping opposition in South Korea to a minimum, and there has been no repetition of the turmoil of a year ago when thousands of students rioted against the regime. But the leaders who signed the anti-Park Declaration have shown that the dissenters are not ready to give up. One of them, former President Yun Po Sun, 78, says: "I cannot sit still and see democracy be sacrificed in the name of national cohesiveness. Where democracy is gone there are only three alternatives: Communism, militarism or dictatorship."

JAPAN

Shame by Association

Crowds of howling marchers descended last week on the Tokyo headquarters of the giant Marubeni Corp (1975 sales \$19 billion). Millions of dollars worth of contracts with local governments were canceled because of public outrage. The children of Marubeni's 8,000 employees have been jeered by schoolmates because their fathers work for "the bad, bad company."

The demoralizing form of social ostracism suffered by Marubeni employees and their families is part of what one Tokyo newspaper calls the "peanuts elegy." Marubeni was the company accused of handing out the "peanuts"—local slang for bribery packets—in Japan's Lockheed scandal (TIME, Feb. 16). Anybody connected with the disgraced corporation is subject to a kind of shame by association.

In Japan, where the corporation almost has the status of a huge family, most people stay with the same company from their first day of work until retirement. Sociologist Hiroshi Minami argues that there is a "fusion of identity" between a company and those who work for it—not only in their eyes but in those of social peers and neighbors.

As the furor over Marubeni's role in the Lockheed scandal has intensified, the social status of its employees has plummeted. Many workers complain that their families are being shunned or ridiculed because they work for Marubeni. One employee said that his child was nicknamed "Lockheed" by his schoolmates; another complained that his son's teacher displayed a picture of a Marubeni executive in the classroom, labeling it "dangerous villain." Some wives of Marubeni workers have taken to shopping at night to avoid the cold stares of neighbors. Perhaps most insulting of all, Tokyo's Crown Record Company is trying to profit from Marubeni's misfortune. Next month it will release a pop-rock single that parodies the Lockheed payoff. Title: *Peanut Song*.

COMMUNITIS

Top-Secret Skirmishes

The bitter conflict between China and the Soviet Union for ideological leadership of the Communist world is usually confined to a war of angry words. But not always. TIME has learned that in recent months there have been severe outbreaks of fighting near the Ussuri and Amur rivers, which constitute the ultra-sensitive border between China and Siberia, where several bloody skirmishes took place in 1969. This time the clashes, detected by Western aerial reconnaissance, have been carefully hushed up. Why? The Soviets do not want to advertise the border conflict when they are trying to assess the murky ideological struggle still going on in China (TIME, Feb. 23). Clearly, Moscow hopes that the winners will decide to be more friendly to the Russians. Chinese military leaders, at the same time, are apparently fearful of provoking an unwinnable war with the Soviet Union, particularly during a period of internal turmoil. The few Western officials who know about the clashes do not want to appear to be deliberately worsening the Sino-Soviet conflict by disclosing their information.

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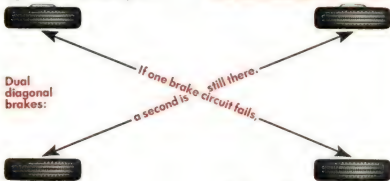


Don't waste your time looking elsewhere for this much economy with this much performance; no other car has it.

If you've been considering a Cadillac Fleetwood, you should know that the Rabbit (with the rear seat folded) has more trunk space.

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unique combination of dual diagonal brakes and negative steering roll radius. If you aren't you'll marvel at the precise way the



most successful foreign car introduction in history. There are already more than 100,000 Rabbits hopping around the United States.

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fresh-perked.
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SPAIN

The Rebel Officers

Strikes, demonstrations and violence continued to trouble Spain last week. In Basauri, a suburb of Bilbao in rebellious Basque country (TIME, March 15), a demonstrator was gunned down by the Guardia Civil; a furious crowd forced the guardsmen to retreat to their headquarters. In Tarragona, a worker fell from a roof to his death during a clash with police. Shipyard workers even struck in Franco's birthplace. But a quieter event of considerable political significance occurred last week in Madrid, where nine military officers were found guilty of sedition.

The sentences for the nine—eight army officers and one air force captain—ranged from 2½ years to eight years in prison. The sentences were less than the prosecution had asked, a decision that seemed designed to prevent open hostility within the armed forces. The real target of the trial—though seven defendants denied membership in it—was a clandestine organization of politically progressive junior officers known as the Democratic Military Union (U.M.D.). Government fears about the group were apparent in the prosecutor's claim that the officers were plotting a Portuguese-style military rebellion.

The U.M.D. claims 600 hard-core officer members and perhaps as many as 1,500 sympathizers, including some colonels and generals. Its members deny any substantial resemblance to the leftist movement in the Portuguese military. Insists one captain: "There are almost no Marxists among us."

The organization is an outgrowth of a deepening unease and a new political awareness among the country's 22,000 officers. The military men are split on

what their role should be in the nation's life. Most generals are veterans of the Spanish Civil War. Staunch *Franquistas*, they want to maintain the boot-clicking discipline of the old regime and may well demand severely repressive measures if social disorder continues. Many of the junior officers have basically been apolitical—docile career men satisfied to lend nominal support to the status quo. But some are beginning to question that function. One reason: low salaries have forced many to moonlight in second jobs, and they sympathize with underpaid civilians.

Total Amnesty. In the summer of 1974 a group of young captains in Barcelona inaugurated the U.M.D. by publishing a manifesto against the military's role in Spanish society. The document attacked "the complete divorce between the real Spain and the totalitarian system of government" that had made the armed forces "the guardian of the interests of the regime." It proposed instead that the armed forces put themselves "exclusively at the service of the people." Specific goals included "the full re-establishment of human rights and democratic freedoms, and total amnesty for citizens who have been punished for defending their rights; socioeconomic reforms ... including the [workers'] right to strike and form their own unions, [and] a democratically elected constituent assembly." As for the future of King Juan Carlos, the U.M.D. currently advocates only his "democratic legitimization"—i.e., by a referendum.

If public unrest in Spain should escalate to the point that the generals commit their forces to restoring order, the U.M.D. would almost certainly resist. Such an unsavory role may well radicalize many other officers—and push the U.M.D. into just the kind of power and prominence the government fears

THE WORLD



BERNHARD GIVING DECORATION TO EVITA

THE NETHERLANDS

Prince in Double Dutch

Prince Bernhard, the globetrotting royal businessman accused of being on the take in the Lockheed scandal (TIME, Feb. 23), was charged last week with doing some palm greasing of his own. The Netherlands' leading newspaper, Amsterdam's *Telegraaf*, implicated Bernhard in a \$12 million bribe paid 25 years ago to the late dictator Juan Perón and other Argentine officials to clinch a \$100 million railroad-car contract for the Dutch firm Werkspoor. The bribe, which was authorized by the Dutch State Bank and approved by the government, also included the gift of a de-luxe presidential train for *el Lider* and \$12,000 in jewelry for his second wife, Evita.

What made the report all the more intriguing was the role played by Marinus Holtrop, one of three men appointed by Prime Minister Joop den Uyl to investigate the allegations against Bernhard in the Lockheed case. Holtrop, it turns out, was president of the Dutch State Bank at the time the bribery money was placed in Swiss bank accounts held by Perón and other Argentines.

The *Telegraaf* report—confirmed by Dutch officials familiar with the deal—stated that Bernhard was acting under government orders when he persuaded Perón to make the deal. Curiously, some Dutch businessmen regarded the disclosure as a defense of the beleaguered prince. Said one executive: "There's a difference, after all, between giving bribes and taking bribes."

Prime Minister Den Uyl has ordered an investigation of the Perón affair, but regardless of how it comes out, the accusations are another blow to Bernhard's shaky public image. Presumably, public pressure will grow more intense for his wife, Queen Juliana, to remove the prince from the limelight. To do that, she might have to abdicate.

THOUSANDS OF MOURNERS AT MEMORIAL MASS FOR DEMONSTRATOR SLAIN IN BASAURI



CANADA

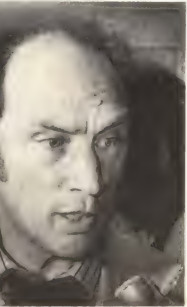
Trudeau's Troubles

Outside his homeland, Pierre Elliott Trudeau is still regarded by some people as a debonair political-intellectual with a certain Kennedy-like flair. But Trudeauism has long since faded away in Canada. After eight years in office, the Prime Minister is increasingly seen by Canadians as an impetuous "philosopher king," contemptuous of both voters and Parliament. His economic policies are under savage attack, and his Liberal government (which has an 18-seat majority in the House of Commons) has become embroiled in scandal. His popularity and prestige have slipped so low, in fact, that some believe that Canada's major opposition party, the Progressive Conservatives, might win the 1978 national elections. Even one Liberal Cabinet member concedes that "if there were an election today, I wouldn't give us much of a chance."

Rambling Interview. The real signs of trouble for the Trudeau administration came last fall, when persistent double-digit inflation and climbing unemployment forced the Prime Minister to adopt price and wage controls—a Tory proposal he had ridiculed in the 1974 campaign. The policy itself received overwhelming public support, but its imprecise application (changes in the rules are still being made almost weekly) angered and alienated both labor and business. Complained one top appliance-company executive: "How in hell can you make plans for production when you don't know what the policy really is and can't find out?" Thundered Joe Morris, president of the Canadian Labor Congress: "This is an outrageous, unjust policy which we will never accept!"

Trudeau added to his political problems by a rambling TV interview last

PRIME MINISTER PIERRE TRUDEAU



THE WORLD

December in which he announced that the "free market system" was dead. In effect Trudeau was really saying what many other leaders of industrialized countries have recently argued: namely, that new solutions, possibly government-imposed, would have to be found for the perennial problems of stagflation. But to most listeners, Trudeau's remarks seemed unnecessarily autocratic. He was accused by organized labor, business and the Tories of trying to move Canada toward a socialist dictatorial state. To quell the storm of protest, Trudeau was forced to make a public speech explaining that he did not mean to dismantle democracy but to improve its performance in Canada.

But by that time, the Trudeau government appeared to be involved in scandal. The first came in November, when Tory M.P. Elmer Mackay unsuccessfully petitioned Commons for a judicial inquiry into possible federal influence peddling in the granting of duty-free shop concessions at Montreal's airports. Mackay charged that Louis Giguère, a Liberal Senator and prominent party fund raiser, had made a \$92,000 windfall profit from the timely purchase and sale of shares in Sky Shops Ltd., the concession in question. Mackay also charged that Health and Welfare Minister Marc Lalonde, who was Trudeau's principal secretary when Sky Shops renewed its concession in 1972, had been influential in getting the concession approved. Trudeau loyally told the House that he saw "no conflict of interest."

Last week there were fresh accusations, this time by Quebec Superior Court Justice Kenneth Mackay (no kin to M.P. Mackay). In a letter to Justice Minister Ronald Basford, Justice Mackay charged that two present Cabinet ministers had used "unwarranted attempts to interfere with the judicial process." The two—Health and Welfare Minister Lalonde and Minister of Science and Public Works C.M. Drury—allegedly got in touch with Mackay or his colleagues in cases dating back to 1969, asking for delays in trials and making other unspecified requests.

No Match. Instead of agreeing to a public inquiry, as the opposition demands, Trudeau asked Chief Justice Jules Deschenes of the Quebec Superior Court to look into the case and report his findings to Justice Minister Basford. At week's end, Deschenes's report found that the judicial approaches had been made by the two Ministers, and Drury offered his resignation. Trudeau, however, in a move that caused tumultuous outrage in the Commons, refused to accept it.

In 1974 the Trudeau government was re-elected partly because the Tories were then led by Robert Stanfield, a decent but plodding campaigner who was no match for the Prime Minister on the hustings. But last month the Progressive Conservatives chose a bright,



TORY LEADER JOE CLARK

A built-in opportunity.

aggressive new national leader—Alberta M.P. Joe Clark, who at 36 is the youngest party chief in Canadian history. Clark has plenty of work ahead in trying to broaden his party's base, notably in the Liberal stronghold of Quebec. But, given Trudeau's mounting troubles, the new opposition leader has a built-in opportunity to get Canada ready for a case of Clarkomania.

NIGERIA

Festival of Death

Usually, Bar Beach on Nigeria's Victoria Island is dotted with sun umbrellas and gaily painted food stalls. Last week it became the scene of a kind of festival of death. Thousands of Nigerians, chanting "Traitors, traitors," jammed the beach, trampling the candy-striped awnings underfoot. A similar throng gathered not far away at Kinkiri Prison, just outside Lagos, the capital. Both high-spirited crowds were assembled to witness the public executions of some 30 soldiers, including four lieutenant colonels and six majors, and a lone civilian. A special military board had convicted them of planning the abortive coup of Feb. 13, in which Head of State Murtala Mohammed was assassinated (TIME, March 1).

"The condemned men are all in mufti," a Lagos radio correspondent announced crisply, giving a running account of the executions on Bar Beach. "Most of them look sober. Some manage to smile at newsmen." Religious confessions, Christian and Moslem, were received by two priests and a *mal-lam* (a Moslem religious leader). While the throng looked on, the 15-man firing squad opened up. The shooting lasted ten minutes, as one by one the coup plotters slumped to the blood-soaked sand.

With the executions, Lieut. General



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Impala's fuel economy has improved a lot. According to EPA City mileage tests, Impala S 4-door sedan with a full-size Custom Coupe with standard 350-2 V8 power train shows a 21% improvement. (EPA highway mileage tests were not run in 1974.) EPA Buyer's Guide ratings for '76 Impala sedans and coupes with standard 350-2 V8 are 13 mpg City, 18 Highway.

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\$530 you could save that much in maintenance costs.

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THE WORLD

Olusegun Obasanjo, who took over the government of Black Africa's largest and richest country after the killing of Murtala, made good on his promise to dole out military justice to those found guilty. Surprisingly, one of the executed officers was former Defense Minister I.D. Bisalla, who had helped bring Murtala to power in an earlier, successful coup last July. Bisalla and many of the others were apparently implicated in the plot by Lieut. Colonel B.S. Dimka, the man who led the Feb. 13 overthrow attempt. Dimka managed to stay at large for three weeks, despite a nationwide manhunt, but he was captured at a roadblock in eastern Nigeria earlier this month.

During the investigation of the coup attempt, 125 people were arrested; 40 have been released. Aside from those already executed, several dozen others are still being interrogated, including Dimka himself. According to the Nigerian government, Dimka has also implicated Yakubu Gowon, the former head of state who was exiled after the coup that brought Murtala to power last July. Gowon, according to the government's charge, instructed Dimka to get together with Defense Minister Bisalla and attempt to overthrow the government. Their reasons for acting, said Nigeria's new defense chief, Brigadier Musa Yaraduah, was the government's plan to cut the size of the army by almost half, a move that would transfer the 100,000 soldiers affected to other jobs, but which might leave a number of them out of work.

In England, where he is a political science student at Warwick University, Gowon denied any involvement in the coup attempt. Nonetheless the Nigerian government, which, after all, overthrew Gowon in the first place, seems bent on punishing him. Lagos radio said last week that "legal and diplomatic steps" are being taken to extradite Gowon to Nigeria, though it seems highly unlikely that the British government will accede to the request.

BISALLA WITH PRIEST BEFORE EXECUTION



INDIA

The Rupee Knot

The advertisement in last week's issue of the New Delhi *Hindustan Times* was clearly designed to catch the eye of marriage-minded Indian males: MATCH FOR TALL, CONVENT-EDUCATED, LEGALLY DIVORCED 27-YEAR-OLD GIRL DRAWING FOUR-FIGURE SALARY, FOREIGN FIRM, FATHER SENIOR OFFICIAL, FAMILY RESPECTABLE AND HIGHLY CONNECTED. If the "legally divorced" line discouraged bachelor readers, they could scan hundreds of other announcements in the *Times*'s nine columns of "matrimonial" ads. The ads discreetly avoided the subject of dowries. Yet the real nuptial knot in India—where 90% of marriages are still arranged—is not love but rupees.

Cash Payments. The dowry system, which crosses all caste lines, is now a major target of government reform. Technically, dowries were outlawed under a 1961 law that proved impossible to enforce. Now the reformers are relying on social pressure. The 5 million-member Youth Congress is urging its male members to sign a pledge that they will not accept a dowry when they marry; female members are asked to have their families turn down requests for dowry payments. Plans are under way for sit-ins and picketing at ostentatious weddings where parents brag about their daughter's dowry. Sanjay Gandhi, the politically ambitious younger son of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi (TIME, Feb. 2) argues against dowries at every rally he attends as a spokesman for the Youth Congress executive committee. His mother has also spoken out against the practice, calling dowries a "burden on families and on society."

The burden hits hard at every level. Upper-class families in the cities demand steep cash payments from a bride's family in return for a well-educated, well-connected bridegroom. A young man who holds a job in the prestigious Indian administrative service or the Indian foreign service, for example, can command \$10,000 or more in dowry payment. Valuable consumer goods such as refrigerators, television sets and automobiles are commonly tossed in as part of the deal.

Lower-class families, in turn, demand that their son's new in-laws hand over transistor radios, motor scooters and sewing machines as well as cash. Fathers of the bride quickly learn that the local moneylender is their best friend. In rural areas, farmers frequently borrow bank money for "agricultural development," then spend it on their daughter's dowry. For generations, family savings have



BRIDEGROOM WITH GARLAND OF MONEY GIFTS
Along with sewing machines, suicide.

been wiped out by the dowry payments.

The brides themselves are often the most unfortunate victims of the system. Says Margaret Cormack, an American sociologist who has made an extensive study of the dowry practice: "Indian women well know the humiliation of being exhibited to scouting parties like a prize heifer." Young wives are frequently mistreated by in-laws who later decide that the dowry was inadequate. In New Delhi alone last year, 89 women committed suicide because they could not stand the persecution of their husbands and in-laws who wanted additional dowry payments.

Getting It Back. Despite the reform campaign, even some well-educated young Indians defend the system. "Why should I sacrifice what is my due?" asks one 24-year-old engineer in New Delhi. "I am a qualified engineer, and my family spent a fortune educating me. Now that I have made it, we have the right to get some of it back." Says Usha Malik, 21, a stenographer in New Delhi: "Personally, I am opposed to dowries. But unless we pay them, we will never be married. On the other side, there is pressure from our parents to get married, because if we don't, we and they will be socially ostracized."

Feelings are even stronger in rural areas. Explains Ram Dhan, 28, a peasant farmer from Uttar Pradesh: "The reason villagers aspire to father sons is because, apart from being able to help us in the fields, they will bring the family dowry. It is one way of improving our lot." With sentiments like these, even reformists concede that completely eliminating dowries is impossible. Hence, families throughout India will continue to greet the birth of a daughter as a sign of bad luck.



JOANNA LUMLEY DISPLAYING HER HARDWARE



LOREN & HARRIS SEEING EUROPE BY RAIL



In the 1960s Private Eye John Steed (Patrick Macnee) was regularly upstaged in *The Avengers* on British TV by a sexy tough—**Honor Blackman**—who wore a black leather pantsuit when things got rough. Later **Diana Rigg** and then **Linda Thorson** took over the tough-cookie role. Now, Producer Brian Clemens is reviving the series with a new avengeress: blonde **Joanna Lumley**, 30. Compared with her predecessors, she seems positively old-fashioned. Instead of pants or pantyhose, she prefers skirts and stockings and even packs her pistol in her garters. But Clemens attests that "when she had to kick a man in the teeth for the test, she did it perfectly."

It began with a suspicious scratching sound in Attorney General **Edward Levi's** ornate fifth-floor office in the Justice Department. A bug, perhaps? Much to the A.G.'s relief, a small gray mouse was eventually seen to dart into a hole not ten feet from his vast mahogany desk. Chicagoan Levi knew that the perpetrator was not from his home town, said an aide, "because it doesn't wear a slouch hat." Other Justice officials were unamused. Startled by what turned out to be a secret army of squatters in their gray stone colossus, they demanded a swift return to capital punishment, and in came the exterminators. Due process? The FBI could not be called in to investigate, cracked a spokesman, because "mice are not included in the new security guidelines."

What is **Sophia Loren**, 41, doing in yet another B flick? Now the *Fiamma Napoletana* is making *Cassandra Crossing*, a sci-fi thriller produced by Husband **Carlo Ponti** and co-starring **Richard Harris**, 42. In the movie, about a train that is supposedly germ-infested and is being shuttled around Europe with 1,000 passengers on board, Loren and Harris play a love-hating couple. "This role is basically ironic... it pleases me because I believe it is within my nature," says Sophia. That is not necessarily intended to be a comment on her 19-year marriage to Carlo, however, despite stories of trouble in the Ponti household. Often on Friday, when Loren finishes filming in Rome, she flies to Paris, where Ponti and their two sons are living.

An old Dinky car, a moth, a scrap of tapestry, a bow tie, some marbles, a pen nib, a pheasant feather, a piece of burnt parchment and a child's fan, all pasted onto a wooden board. Some fetishist's fun? No, it is a Victorian novelty, a riddle picture made by Britain's **Princess Margaret**, 45, for **Roddy McDowall**, 28, a rich young swell who recently vacationed with Margaret on the Caribbean island of Mustique. Roddy describes the work as "a private mes-

sage between Margaret and myself." According to the London *News of the World*, Roddy, who wears a silver stud in his left ear, has twice invited Margaret to Surrendell, a decaying manor near Bath that he and some chums have turned into a commune. On one of her visits—both made without her photographer husband **Lord Snowdon**—Margaret weeded the vegetable patch, then later joined Roddy at the piano to sing *Chattanooga Choo Choo* and *Blue Moon*. Some members of Parliament may applaud the idea of the Princess as communist: perhaps she can be persuaded to surrender some of her \$70,000-a-year state allowance.



MADAM MAYOR SALLY STANFORD

"I didn't start out to reform the world," says **Sally Stanford**, 72. Just the opposite, in fact. In the '30s and '40s, she was a flamboyant San Francisco madam, running an opulent Nob Hill house (including a 9-ft. Roman bath) that had a clientele to match (the 1945 United Nations conference was one of her busiest seasons). But in 1947 Sally went legit, opened a restaurant in Sausalito and got interested in politics. After four failed races for city council under the name of Marsha Owen, she resumed her *nom de nuit* in 1972 and swept to victory; last week her council colleagues elected her mayor. "The people voted for me because I've got common sense," said Sally, adding that it's high time folks stopped hounding her former profession too. "They ought to put the cops on something else and leave the girls alone."

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So irresistible. Can you pour them
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loose pillow-back look.

The Givenchy Edition Mark IV is the lush turquoise of the Mediterranean with velour upholstery to match and a white landau roof.

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The Black Crime Buster

To many Atlantans it smacked of capricious cronyism when Maynard Jackson Jr., the city's black mayor, appointed A. Reginald Eaves as commissioner of public safety in 1974. A blunt-spoken black lawyer whose chief qualification for the job appeared to be his friendship with Jackson, a college classmate, Eaves seemed totally unqualified to command the city's 1,500-man police force, then struggling ineffectively against a crime surge that had made Atlanta one of the homicide capitals of the U.S. But today the top cop is being cheered more than he is being jeered—even by some of his harshest early critics. Says Hal Gulliver, editorial page editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, which vehemently opposed his appointment: "Eaves must be doing something right."

Last year violent personal crimes in Atlanta dropped 9.9%. Murders decreased from 248 to 185, burglaries dropped from 16,802 to 14,501, and armed robberies fell from 4,357 to 3,887. Overall, reported crime increased by only 3% in Atlanta last year, compared with an estimated national average increase of 11%. One big reason: Reg Eaves and his tough approach to "black on black" crime.

In Atlanta, which is 60% black, crime had followed a grimly familiar pattern. Most violence occurred in largely black areas, where the city's largely white police force was least effective. Eaves, now 41, took on his \$34,000-a-year job with a simple conviction: "Blacks suffer the most from crime, and if given a chance to relate to the police, they will help fight it."

No Excuse. Eaves launched his campaign with characteristic directness: he demoted more than 100 acting sergeants and other commanders and installed his own team, promoting more than 30 blacks. He also increased recruit training from six weeks to 19 weeks, and required all cops to take "crisis intervention" classes to learn how to deal with domestic squabbles. Most important, he began spreading what might be called Eaves' law through black high-crime areas: "No matter how poor you are, there is no excuse for knocking a lady in the head or stealing her purse."

In one violent South Side neighborhood, Eaves set up an integrated "crime control team" that made the cops on the beat responsible for following a case through, instead of turning it over to a detective. Local cops were thus forced to develop neighborhood contacts who could supply information needed to build a successful case. As a result, the police now regularly get useful tips, and the proportion of crimes solved has increased from 30% to 56%.

Eaves has pushed a number of new



EAVES TALKING TO TAXI DRIVERS ABOUT ALLEGED POLICE HARASSMENT
As unpredictable for the criminal as the criminal is for cops.

tactics, with the help of federal funds from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. A squad of cops disguised as tramps and winos was set up to lure muggers, and high-crime areas were assigned a special force of additional patrolmen. Says Eaves: "We're trying to become as unpredictable for the criminal as the criminal is to us."

His most conspicuous achievement has been to win the admiration of Atlanta blacks—sometimes with behavior that makes whites cringe. In one typical episode, notes *TIME* Correspondent Jack White, Eaves ordered an option-loaded car that cost more than the \$3,900 the city usually allots for commissioners' automobiles, then airily dismissed the subsequent howls: "I'm giving too much time and effort to this city to try to prove that I'm the good niggar. If I can't ride in a little bit of comfort, to hell with it." Eaves eventually had to pay the difference between the cost of the car and the city allowance, but hischutzpah had the desired effect. Says Black Councilman James Bond: "In my district, Eaves is a hero."

Born in Jacksonville, Fla., Eaves had his share of youthful scrapes with cops. Says he: "I don't care how right I was, I couldn't get anywhere with the police." After school at predominantly black Morehouse College in Atlanta and a stint in the Army, Eaves got a law degree from the New England School of Law in Boston, where he drifted into city politics. When he returned to Atlanta to help Jackson become the city's first black mayor, Eaves recalls, cops were "the No. 1 issue. Everywhere we

went, the first question people had was what are you going to do about the police." His reaction when Jackson asked him to become commissioner: "I didn't want the job because I knew the man who took it was going to catch hell."

Most recently, Eaves has been catching it from a predominately white police organization, which charges him with reverse discrimination, and from some city officials, who accuse him of building up a black clique within the department (still 70% white, despite stepped-up black recruitment). Eaves' answer is that he wants to be evaluated "only on my success in fighting crime." His own evaluation: "What we've learned in Atlanta is that a black chief can make a big difference in fighting crime. Other cities ought to try it."

Scouting the Streets

Trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, reverent—all of those are time-honored characteristics. But hawklike vision is what is most valued in a group of 30 Explorer Scouts in Los Angeles. For a month, the Scouts—both boys and girls—have been working with the Hollywood division of the L.A. police as auxiliary crime spotters. One night a week groups of the uniformed Scouts, armed with binoculars and a walkie-talkie, perch on high buildings to watch the streets for suspicious activity. So far, calls from the 16- to 18-year-olds to cruising police cars below have accounted for three arrests—on burglary and narcotics charges.

Sculpture in Cutting Steel

One of the humiliations of Japanese history took place in September 1945, just after the start of the U.S. Occupation. General Douglas MacArthur decreed that every sword in Japan should be confiscated as a dangerous weapon. Out went the Jeeps, and thousands of blades, some dating back to the 10th century, were rounded up from museums, private collections and shrines.

It was a moment of utter mutual incomprehension between two cultures. The Japanese felt that their principal art was being looted from them, and they were right. Hundreds of ancient swords, including 42 documented National Treasures made between the 12th and 15th centuries, vanished as souvenirs and have never reappeared. The Americans thought they were guarding against insurgency, and art swords—were ritual and aesthetic objects, the core symbols of Shintoism, and would not have been used in combat.

Today an immense ignorance of Japanese swords prevails outside Japan. There is one great private collection of them in the U.S., gathered over 40 years by Dr. Walter Compton of Elkhart, Ind. Last week 46 of his classical blades—the *tachi* or long cavalry sword, the shorter *katana* and the dirks known as *tantos* and *wakizashis*—went on view at Manhattan's Japan Society. The show is a scholarly event of the first importance, and its catalogue—mainly written by Japan's leading student of blades, 29-year-old Ogawa Morihiro—becomes at one stroke the standard text on its subject in English. But even for the non-expert the show is of overwhelming beauty.

Taxing Subtleties. The art of making steel reached its peak in Japan before the 16th century. Our present technology can dump men on the moon, but it cannot match the crystalline structure, hardness, flexibility and exquisite surface pattern of these ancient blades made in charcoal forges. Compared to *Nippon-tō*, the swords of Europe are kitchen cutlery.

One can study a Renaissance bronze or a medieval ivory in a vitrine and appreciate it, though with some loss. But with a Japanese sword, appreciation is more difficult. The visual subtleties of a great blade are taxing. No gaze through a glass case can substitute for the experience of holding and turning it under natural light, observing the grain of the steel surface, the contrasts of polish, the



JAPAN'S 13TH CENTURY NATIONAL TREASURE
"PERFECT" BLADE KUNIMUNE (TOP) WITH GOLD-
INLAIN & PLAIN IRON SWORDGUARDS

relentlessly delicate curves of ridge and back, and the *hamon* or temper pattern—hard as diamonds and impalpable as blown frost—along its cutting edge.

The swords are, to Western eyes, paradoxical. At first, you cannot fail to respond to them as weapons, designed to cut and kill. But at the same time they are quite untactile. Bear down on the *ha*, the edge, and it will (to put it mildly) hurt you, being of surgical sharpness. Yet you hurt it. The skin of the steel can be ruined by the moisture and acids left by one fingerprint; breathe on it and it will begin to rust in 30 minutes. The blades conjure up tension between one's senses of sight and touch—threat and seduction, attraction and recoil. In the end, sight wins. The blades envelop themselves in august distances, and are wholly visual sculpture.

For this reason, connoisseurs of *Nippon-tō* are apt to regard the military uses of their swords as a distraction, even as an embarrassment. The annals of samurai conduct are filled with prodigies of sword wielding; as recently as the Russo-Japanese War of 1905, for instance, a Japanese officer charged a Russian machine gun, so the story goes, and cut clean through its barrel and water jacket with one swipe of his *tachi*. But the

art swords in this show were not meant for such ends. Their unblemished state testifies that they can rarely, if ever, have seen battle. Kept in a Shinto shrine or an armory, polished no more often than a Rembrandt is cleaned, they are among the best-preserved artifacts of their age.

One example is the glittering arc of *Kunimune*, a late 13th century blade that Dr. Compton bought from a job lot offered by a Midwestern gun dealer. The sword, which had been looted from its shrine in Kyushu by a G.I. and has since been restored to Japan as a gift, is considered by Ogawa Morihiro "perfect in every aspect among all the existing national treasure blades." At first sight, it is difficult to imagine that the sword was finished by a contemporary of Giotto, a quarter of a century before Dante began writing the *Divine Comedy*.

Bark and Catfish Skin. Japanese swords have virtually no parallels in Western art. Only one shape in our culture seems to rhyme with the strict parabolas of a *tachi*'s profile: Brancusi's *Bird in Flight*, with its soaring curvature, immaculate surface and absolute finality of line. The resemblance is not merely formal. Just as the abstract contour of the *Bird* is rich with allusions to nature, so the blade contains landscapes.

The terms that describe the *ji-hada* or patterns left on the steel by repeated folding and hammering—pine tree bark, catfish skin, straight grain and *sugu-ut-suri*, "a straight misty line of cloud"—are all derived from nature.

The edge pattern, made by painting a slurry of clay and steel filings along the blade just before its last firing and quenching, is even more pictorial. Its crystalline opacities resemble those of classical *sumi-e* ink painting, suggesting hills, river currents, islands or the wreathing of vapor. Dr. Compton likes to compare Kunimune's *hamon* to "low-lying mist on a swamp, with searchlights playing over it." These configurations are not seen as decoration, like inlay work or chasing on a Western sword. They are an integral part of the blade's meaning, and their harmony with the larger forms, the curvature and taper, the size and type of the point, determines the significance of the work.

The idea that a sword could be valued as a manifestation of "nature" is peculiar to Japanese aesthetics. Without it, the blades would just be tools—ferrally efficient but lacking the sublime distillation of will and spirit that, flowing in the austere metal, was once the essence of the smith's art. **Robert Hughes**

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Death Follows Art

There were no obvious clues—no tell-tale marks on the body. Yet the deaths occurred so quickly and unexpectedly that the staff realized that they could not have been accidental. A killer was on the loose in the hospital, someone intimately familiar with all of modern medicine's lethal drugs and tools. It was a psychopathic physician whose mind had twisted from healing to homicide.

This macabre fantasy, conceived by Playwright Paddy Chayefsky for the 1971 black humor film *The Hospital*, has been overshadowed by reality. Last week investigators were virtually convinced that many of the two dozen puzzling deaths at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Ann Arbor, Mich., last summer and at a small suburban New Jersey hospital a decade ago had actually been murders committed by members of the hospital staffs. The two cases:

THE MICHIGAN MURDERS

In only six weeks last July and August, 27 patients at the Michigan VA Hospital suffered respiratory arrests that left them unable to breathe without mechanical aid. Some patients were stricken more than once; eleven of them died. So many breathing failures could not be accidental: patients and staff alike began to wonder whether a psychopath or a misguided mercy killer was in their midst.

An investigation indicated that at least 18 of the victims—including nine of those who died—had been given Pavulon, or pancuronium bromide, a synthetic variant of curare, the lethal plant toxin used by South American Indians to tip poison darts. Anaesthesiologists sometimes administer Pavulon to surgical patients to relax their muscles, but hospital records showed that no doctor had prescribed its use on any of the victims.

IBI agents called into the case soon found more cause for suspicion. Most of the breathing failures had occurred in the intensive-care unit during the afternoon shift. All of the victims there were being fed intravenously, but the drug could not have been mixed into the IV solutions; it would have become too diluted to work. The agents concluded that the intravenous flow had apparently been interrupted and Pavulon pumped directly into the feeding tubes.

Painstakingly checking work records, the FBI narrowed the list of suspects to two Filipino nurses, Leonora Perez, 31, and Filipina Narciso, 29, both of whom were on duty when—and where—most of the trouble occurred. Subpoenaed before a grand jury, the women denied any involvement in the deaths. But at least one of them was directly

implicated by a survivor.

As part of the investigation, Dr. Herbert Spiegel, a New York psychiatrist and hypnotist, put some of the surviving patients into trances and let the FBI question them. At least one, under hypnosis, suddenly seemed to recall forgotten details of his near fatal day. Richard Neely, 61, a retired auto worker who was being treated for cancer of the bladder, said that he remembered experiencing unexpected breathing difficulties and calling out to a passing nurse of Asian origin, who turned and fled at his cry. Later, shown photographs of the hospital's nurses, he picked out one of the Filipino suspects.

Though federal authorities have given no motive for the crimes, they named both nurses (who are no longer working with patients) as suspects in a brief filed earlier this month in U.S. district court. The Government is seeking court permission to take formal testimony as quickly as possible from the seriously ailing Neely for fear he may not be able to appear at a subsequent trial. A hearing is scheduled this week.

THE NEW JERSEY KILLINGS

The ten-year-old New Jersey case was reopened in part as a result of the publicity over the Michigan deaths. Over a ten-month period, starting in December 1965, at least 13 patients died mysteriously at Riverdell Hospital in suburban Oradell, less than an hour's drive from Manhattan. Most of them had undergone surgery but seemed well on the road to recovery.

Stirred by what he called "post-Watergate pangs of conscience," a knowledgeable source—possibly a member of the hospital staff—told New York Times Reporter M.A. Farber of his suspicions. Intrigued, Farber began questioning doctors, survivors and local officials. He soon found numerous loopholes in the testimony of the man originally suspected in the case, one of the hospital's surgeons. Because the doctor had never been charged with homicide and still practices medicine elsewhere in New Jersey, Farber, in his stories, identified him only as "Doctor X."

County Prosecutor Joseph C. Woodcock, whose interest in the case had been stirred by the Michigan affair, was impressed by Farber's information, but re-



TOXICOLOGIST EXAMINING TISSUE IN NEW JERSEY CASE
A mind twisted from healing to homicide.

alized that pressing charges against Dr. X would need more evidence than had been presented in 1966.

According to the *Times*, several of the staff physicians during that period noted that Dr. X had been on duty near many of the victims around the time they died. They included a four-year-old girl who had undergone surgery for removal of intestinal cysts and a 36-year-old woman who had given birth by caesarean section; none of the 13 was Dr. X's patient. Opening Dr. X's hospital locker, a fellow doctor found 18 vials of curare, most of them empty. Former County Prosecutor Guy W. Calissi questioned Dr. X, but the surgeon insisted that he was merely using the muscle relaxant for spare-time experiments on "dying dogs." Told that it was impossible to detect curare in tissue so many weeks after death, says Calissi, now a judge, he dropped his inquiry.

In the current probe, Prosecutor Woodcock got court permission to exhume five of the bodies. Then he sent tissue samples off to different specialists, some of whom used detection techniques so subtle they can identify a substance weighing only a trillionth of a gram.

Last week the *Times* revealed that traces of curare had definitely been found in the body of the little girl and possibly in two others as well.



GOYA
The Third of May, 1808 (Detail)

In 1808, Napoleon forced the weak Spanish monarch Charles IV to surrender the throne to his brother, Joseph Bonaparte. Enraged by this blatant trickery, the Spanish people rose in revolt. In this stirring painting, Goya captured forever the brave resistance of the people—and the naked horror of the cold-blooded mass execution that followed.



VELÁZQUEZ
Prince Baltasar Carlos in Hunting Dress

Philip IV worshipped his handsome, engaging son—and Velázquez painted many portraits of him. Tragically, the princeling (aged 8 in this work) never ascended the throne—he died at age 17. X-rays of this painting have revealed that there were three dogs in the artist's original draft.



EL GRECO
St. Andrew and St. Francis

Painted about 1603, this work remained hidden in a monastery for some 330 years. On the right hand of St. Francis, El Greco painted the "stigmata"—a mark resembling the nail wounds of Christ, believed to have been impressed upon St. Francis in his mystical participation in the crucifixion.

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TITIAN
Portrait of a Knight of Malta

Titian, who was court painter to two Spanish kings, was the most sought-after portraitist of his age—and this work has been called one of his best. During his career, Titian supplied some 22 paintings to Philip II alone—many of them now regarded as priceless masterpieces. Philip never paid for a single painting.



BOSCH
The Garden of Delights (Detail)

To this day, art interpreters are confounded by the weird, seemingly irrational imagery in this, Bosch's masterwork. They do agree on one point: the enigmatic face in the lower portion of this detail may be the mysterious Bosch himself.



RUBENS
The Three Graces

One of the last paintings by Rubens. The lush sensuality of the nudes caused the work to be branded as indecent during the 18th century, when it was kept from public view. The nude on the right is Rubens's wife, Hélène Fourment.

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MONEY

Drowning in a World of Floating Values

The industrialized world switched to a system of floating-exchange rates in 1973 in the hope of ending the disruptive crises that had become almost routine with rigidly fixed currency values. But the floating-rate system—under which currencies pretty much find their own value in the market—is proving that it too can suffer, if not a crisis, then a period of turmoil. The troubles are pallid by past standards: central banks are spending only millions, rather than billions, to defend their countries' currencies, and no exchange offices are refusing to accept tourists' foreign money. Nonetheless, some currencies are not so much floating as drowning.

For the first time ever, the British pound has plunged below \$2. It dropped to \$1.915 before rising slightly to \$1.928 at week's end. The Italian lira has lost 18% of its value since January; it now stands at 806 to the dollar, vs. 633 only one year ago. Beset by economic troubles, Spain devalued the peseta by 10% last month. There are strong indications that the French franc may also be forced into devaluation.

Crucial Test. Even as the weak grow weaker, the strong currencies become yet stronger (see chart). The value of the Swiss franc, the world's solidest currency, has increased 5% since last September, while the West German mark has risen 3%. The dollar, which had been suffering only two years ago, now has won new respect abroad as Europeans become increasingly impressed with the vigor of the U.S. economic recovery.

Floating is, in fact, a crucial test of the strength of a nation's economy. Now that central banks no longer intervene in money markets as frequently and forcefully as they once did, currency values are determined by supply and demand, which reflects international confidence—or lack of it—in a nation's economy. Britain and Italy, both troubled by rapid rates of inflation (16% and 12%, respectively), high unemployment (6.1% and 6%) and severe balance of payments problems, have failed to pass the test.

The precipitous decline of the pound highlighted the tensions within the right-wing Labor Party. The Conservative opposition combined with rebellious left-wingers to defeat a government White Paper outlining sharp cutbacks in social services—a key part of Prime Minister Harold Wilson's program to slow the inflation that is eroding the pound. As a test of strength, Wilson called for—and won—a vote of confidence. He in-

tends to press ahead with his austerity policy, which has the backing of the trade union leaders. The government seemed, in fact, to welcome the cheapening of the pound as an automatic devaluation that would make British exports more competitive on the world market. But the Bank of England intervened at several points to keep the pound from sinking still lower.

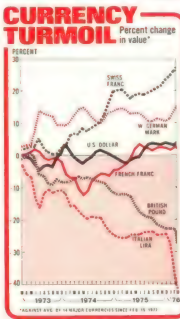
The lira jitters were set off by last January's long Italian political crisis. As the country drifted for 35 days without a government, panicky Italians smuggled lire into Switzerland, often lugging them there by the suitcase. To halt the losses, the Italian Treasury in January closed the official foreign-exchange market. Shortly before it reopened

March 1, the lira skidded to 808 to the dollar. After the market reopened, the currency recovered slightly to the 790 range, mainly because the Italian central bank spent \$300 million to buy up unwanted lire.

The rescue operations have reduced Italy's foreign-exchange reserves to less than \$1 billion, while the nation has \$15.5 billion outstanding in foreign loans, many of them coming due soon. The U.S. and the European Economic Community are insisting on tough anti-inflationary policies, including wage restraint, as a precondition for granting more credit. The Italian government fears that unpopular austerity is hardly the way to stave off Communist ambitions to participate in the government.

Below the Snake. Measured against the pound or lira, the French franc looks strong. Measured against the deutsche mark, it seems weak—mostly because prices are rising more than 3½ times as fast in France (an annual rate of 9.6%) as in Germany. France is a member of the "snake," a group of eight European countries that have pledged to keep currency-exchange rates within a 4.5% range of fluctuation; the franc is trading right at the bottom of that range. Some French industrialists would welcome a devaluation as a means of making French products cheaper abroad, and some currency traders expect a 5% to 10% markdown to take place some time this year.

President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing would regard devaluation as a defeat and will hold out as long as he can—with some reason. A drop in a currency's value makes imports more expensive. That aggravates inflation, which tends to weaken the currency still further. The floating-rate system has made adjustments in money values smoother and continuous; it has not made them painless.



Stock Market Tease

The stock market last week put on a maddeningly teasing performance: the Dow Jones industrial average cracked the 1,000 mark not once but five times, and each time it fell back. On Thursday the 30-stock index even managed to close at 1,003.31, its first close above 1,000 in more than three years. But on Friday profit taking in U.S. Steel and Bethlehem and worries about a possible rise in interest rates beat the Dow down to 987.64.

Some analysts nonetheless believe the Dow will speedily go on to break its all-time high of 1,051.70, perhaps in the next few weeks. Says Robert H. Stavall, vice president of Reynolds Securities: "The next 50 points will be easy." He and others think the fact that the Dow has closed above 1,000 even once will topple the "psychological barrier" in investors' minds, and publicity about the event will lure many small individual buyers. On the other hand, many investors have picked 1,000 as an arbitrary point at which to sell and cash in their gains.

A Campaign for More Competition

A consumer who wants a checking account must now go to a commercial bank, which cannot pay him interest on the money he keeps in the account. But if congressional reformers get their way, consumers will soon be able to open interest-bearing checking accounts not only at commercial banks, but also at mutual savings banks, savings and loan associations or even credit unions. Further, consumers could turn to an S and L for a car or boat loan, to a mutual savings bank for a credit card, or to a credit union for a trust account—all services that these "thrift institutions" are now legally forbidden to offer.

These are among the major provisions of the proposed Financial Institutions Act of 1976, a bill that would force the most sweeping changes in the nation's financial system since the Depression. The bill would wipe away many of the present distinctions be-

tween commercial banks and thrift institutions (though not all: the thrifts would still be forbidden to make business loans). It would also concentrate the regulation of banks in a single new federal agency.

More Interest. The net result, say backers of the legislation, would be sharper competition among banks and thrift institutions. That would bring consumers better and cheaper financial services and offer small savers more interest on their money. The housing industry and would-be home buyers would be less vulnerable to recurrent squeezes on credit, because mutual savings banks and S and Ls, the prime sources of mortgage loans, would be better able to compete for savings during tight-money periods. And tighter regulation of banks could help ensure the continued soundness of the whole U.S. financial system.

A bill aimed at achieving some of these results passed the Senate last December. The Financial Institutions Act, on which the House Banking Committee will wind up hearings this week, is more comprehensive. Its most important provisions:

- All types of financial institutions, not just commercial banks, could offer checking accounts.

- As of January 1978, the present law prohibiting payment of interest on checking accounts would be repealed. A new federal coordinating committee would determine how much interest could be paid.

- Five and a half years after enactment, Regulation Q, which limits the amount of interest that can be paid on small savings deposits, would be abolished. Banks and thrifts thereafter could pay any rate they thought desirable to attract deposits.

- In addition to offering checking accounts, Mutual savings banks would

get new power to make consumer loans, provide credit cards and trust services.

- Savings and loan associations, now largely limited to making mortgage and construction loans, could make all types of consumer loans, invest in corporate bonds and other types of debt securities, and offer trust services.

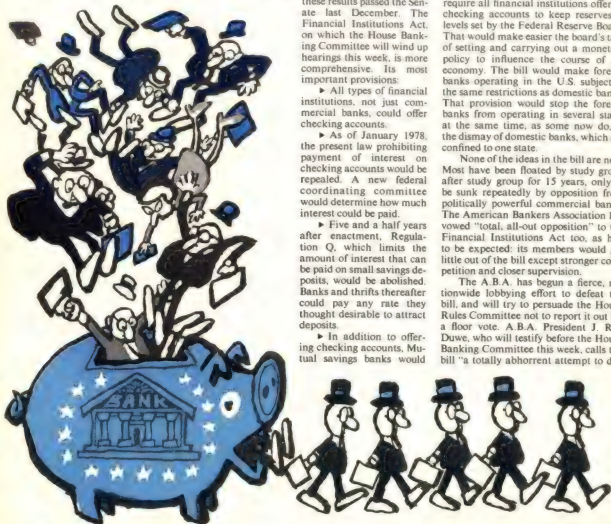
- Credit unions would be allowed to make larger loans for longer periods, to issue share certificates with varying interest rates and maturities (similar to bank certificates of deposit) and to offer trust services.

- A new Federal Banking Commission would be created to take over regulatory responsibilities now divided between the Comptroller of the Currency and the Federal Reserve Board. Banks and thrift institutions would have to make much fuller disclosures about many aspects of their operations, including "inside" loans to their officers and directors, and regulators would get new powers to make the banks and thrifts heed their advice.

The bill would also tighten up regulation of bank holding companies and require all financial institutions offering checking accounts to keep reserves at levels set by the Federal Reserve Board. That would make easier the board's task of setting and carrying out a monetary policy to influence the course of the economy. The bill would make foreign banks operating in the U.S. subject to the same restrictions as domestic banks. That provision would stop the foreign banks from operating in several states at the same time, as some now do, to the dismay of domestic banks, which are confined to one state.

None of the ideas in the bill are new. Most have been floated by study group after study group for 15 years, only to be sunk repeatedly by opposition from politically powerful commercial banks. The American Bankers Association has vowed "total, all-out opposition" to the Financial Institutions Act too, as had to be expected: its members would get little out of the bill except stronger competition and closer supervision.

The A.B.A. has begun a fierce, nationwide lobbying effort to defeat the bill, and will try to persuade the House Rules Committee not to report it out for a floor vote. A.B.A. President J. Rex Duwe, who will testify before the House Banking Committee this week, calls the bill "a totally abhorrent attempt to dis-



guise a laundry list of new powers for thrift institutions and credit unions under the label of financial reform."

Even so, the bill or something close to it now seems to have a genuine chance of enactment. The Ford Administration, though it has qualms about the regulatory provisions, supports the idea of allowing thrift institutions to offer services now reserved to commercial banks. Deputy Treasury Secretary George Dixon last week told the House Banking Committee: "The time to act on this legislation has come." He added: "If we increase competition among financial institutions, we will enhance the quality and reduce the cost of financial services to consumers and at the same time strengthen the institutions themselves."

The biggest reasons behind the new pressure for financial reform are the highly publicized troubles that banks are having with bad loans (TIME, Jan. 26) and the failures that those troubles have sometimes caused. Latest example: the \$400 million-deposit Hamilton National Bank of Chattanooga fell victim last month to uncollectible real estate loans and its parent holding company, which once owned 17 banks with assets of \$1.1 billion, followed it into bankruptcy a few days later. Rightly or wrongly, many Congressmen believe that closer regulation would have kept the banks from overextending themselves. So the creation of a new Federal Banking Commission seems almost certain, and the drive to tighten regulation has aroused new interest in much broader financial reform.

Sensible Package. A good thing too. On the whole, the bill is a sensible package of changes that should be enacted; all financial institutions ought to be free to compete in providing services to the consumer. What the bill could mean to depositors can be seen in New England right now. A separate piece of legislation that President Ford signed last month removed federal restrictions on NOW (Negotiable Order of Withdrawal) accounts in the six New England states. Essentially, these are interest-bearing checking accounts. After they sprang up among thrills in Massachusetts and New Hampshire 3½ years ago, Congress blocked their spread, responding to a strong lobbying effort by bankers. State banking authorities will still not allow them in Vermont, but they are popping up rapidly in the other five states.

Providence's Industrial National Bank, for instance, last week began advertising "free checking, plus 5% interest." There is a catch: unless there is an average balance of \$800 or a minimum balance of \$500 during a month, no interest is paid and each check processed costs 25¢. Such accounts are obviously not for everyone. But who knows what other types of services may be offered if some of the antiquated restrictions on competition among financial institutions are largely eliminated?

OIL

New Boss at Aramco

After almost two years of delay, American oilmen sat down last week with Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani to arrange a complete Saudi buy-out of Arabian American Oil Co., the free world's largest crude producer. But they kept a tight curtain of secrecy around the five-day meeting at the plush Bay Point Yacht and Country Club, near Panama City, Fla. As most of the negotiators—including executives of Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and Standard of California, the four American partners in Aramco—made for their private jets at the conclusion of the meeting, they refused to discuss what price the Saudis would pay for the 40% of Aramco that they do not yet own. At week's end the only formal announcement Aramco made was that the major issues in the transfer of ownership had been resolved, but that a further meeting of the legal and technical staffs was neces-



SAUDI OIL MINISTER YAMANI AND TYPICAL HOME OF U.S. OILMEN IN DHAHRAN
The owners will become the hired hands—but get crude at a discount.

sary to conclude a final agreement.

Still, many details of the deal that is shaping up filtered through the New York financial community. According to Wall Street sources, the U.S. presence in Saudi Arabia, where Aramco has transformed a section of Dhahran into a small American-style town for its employees, will remain as strong as or stronger than ever. The oil firms will continue to pump most of Saudi Arabia's oil as contractors working for a fee. The Saudi government will give them a long-term guarantee that they can buy a fixed proportion—amount unknown—of Aramco's output, currently 7.5 million bbls. per day, and will grant a discount on the 22¢ per bbl. less than the going price of Saudi crude, currently \$11.51 per bbl. An additional 4¢ to 5¢ per bbl. will be knocked off the price as part of the fee that the companies will receive for continuing to provide technical and managerial skills the Saudis

sorely need to operate their wells. To handle these tasks, the oil firms will form a new company known as Stemo.

Another sweetener for the companies: the Internal Revenue Service reportedly has issued a preliminary advisory indicating that any difference between what the companies' assets are worth and what the Saudis pay for them can be treated as losses to reduce their taxes. As for Aramco itself, it is generally assumed that its operations under 100% Saudi ownership will be expanded far beyond the oil business into enterprises aimed at speeding development of the country.

Mutual Benefits. The total take-over of Aramco will complete a process that began in 1973, when the government acquired 25% of the concern. Subsequently the Saudis increased their ownership to 60%, and by late 1974,



Yamani was hinting that the remaining 40% would be nationalized within a few months. Yet for all the pressures on the Saudis to move ahead, including 100% takeovers of Western oil consortiums in Iraq, Kuwait and, recently, Venezuela, negotiations faltered—and not only over the amount of compensation. For one thing, the assassination of King Faisal last year distracted attention from Aramco. Then too the companies themselves were unable to agree on some items because of their differing goals.

In the view of most experts, the take-over is unlikely to have any impact on crude prices and production, which the Saudis have tightly controlled for the past two years. In general, the deal should benefit both sides. The Saudis can continue to draw on the much-needed expertise of the companies in developing their nation. The oil firms can settle down to planning, free of much past uncertainty about the price and supply of their basic raw material.

RETAILING

Sale of the Century

As it rumbles toward court-ordered liquidation next month, W.T. Grant Co. has taken on a bustle that belies its status as the second biggest bankruptcy (after the wreck of the Penn Central Transportation Co.) in U.S. history. The once giant retailer, now reduced to 155 stores, mainly in the Northeast (down from almost 1,100 nationwide five months ago), is conducting the sale of the century—and the going-out-of-business sale of all time. Goods are moving briskly at discounts of up to 60%, as bargain-hunting customers snap up everything from towels to television sets.

The Grant store in Jamaica, Queens, a borough of New York City, is typical. In one day last week, hundreds of customers picked over stacks of bedspreads, curtains and fabrics, overturning racks and pulling merchandise from display windows. Litter left behind keeps a night cleanup crew busy. "We can't control it," says Manager Bill Gebbart. "It's a disaster." But not for sales. Normally, the store rang up \$5,000 in business during a typical day; now, says Gebbart, it is doing ten times that.

Since Grant filed for reorganization under federal bankruptcy law last year (TIME, Oct. 13), the Los Angeles firm of Sam Nassi Co., which specializes in liquidating bankrupt retailers, has been overseeing the sales. Nassi, 54, himself a former discount retailer (whose first liquidation was of his own store), says that the object of the dismantling is to "get the most money out as fast as you can." Apparently, he has been doing just that for Grant. Before they closed their doors, the remaining Grant stores in the West, South and Midwest moved some \$235 million worth of goods.

Impulse Buying. Nassi's techniques begin with shrill broadcast and print advertising that promises huge discounts "on every single item, in every department, no exceptions!" Next comes "in-store development": garish sale signs are displayed in windows; merchandise counters are removed to make way for extra cash registers. The emphasis is on cash-and-carry and self-service. Fabrics are precut to more marketable sizes, clothing is clustered by size instead of type to encourage impulse buying (sportswear and fancy dresses are mixed together). Finally, liquidators mark additional discounts on such seasonal items as greeting cards, chocolate Easter eggs and summer furniture.

Public-address systems are used to announce 15-minute "mini-sales" every couple of hours. The stress is on urgency. Says Gary Mintz, who is running the liquidation for Grant in New York: "A customer doesn't come in with a shopping list. He comes in for the value. An out-of-business sale represents the bargain of a lifetime."

The sales end next week; before they do, discounts could run to 80%. Then what is left will be auctioned off to other retailers and trade merchandisers. Grant has already vacated its 53-story

Manhattan headquarters building. By mid-April, the 70-year-old Grant, once a thundering rival to F.W. Woolworth and S.S. Kresge, could well be no more.

Grant's Chairman Robert Anderson, appointed in 1974 to arrest the chain's decline, had hoped to use the protection of bankruptcy laws to build a "new Grant's" consisting only of the Northeastern stores. They were to sell clothing, household goods and furniture, and steer clear of the high-priced air conditioners, refrigerators and television sets that proved to be the company's Achilles' heel. So confident did Anderson appear at one point that he told one of his managers "There will be a 1976." But the store's creditors thought differently, and began pressing for liquidation. Grant owed \$640 million to banks alone. No matter what Anderson did, the banks reasoned, Grant would wind up still deeply in the red, forcing creditors to settle for even less on the dollar than they will get from the liquidation.

Nonfamily Reunion

Few names glitter so dazzlingly in the jewelry business as Cartier, but for decades relations among independent Cartier houses in Paris, London and New York City have been as flawed as a bargain-basement diamond. Around the turn of the century, rather like a cutter splitting a precious stone, three grandsons of Founder Louis Cartier decided to go their separate ways in the three great capitals of chic, and what they got was an exceedingly lopsided split. Cartier Ltd. in London maintained close ties with Paris' Cartier S.A., which clung to classic *haute joaillerie* with designs rooted in the 19th century. Cartier Inc. in New York tried to be more responsive to changes in fashion. One re-

NEW PRESIDENT DESTINO IN NEW YORK STORE



ROBERT HOGG WITH DAUGHTER NATHALIE AT CARTIER IN PARIS



Cars should be designed for people, not showrooms.



down as they move backwards.

Yet, even with our front seats all the way back, there's a pleasant surprise for rear-seat passengers: Ample room for full-grown human legs.

For human arms, there's power-assisted rack

To us at Peugeot, designing a car from the outside in is doing the job inside-out.

Because people spend far more time looking out of a car than they spend looking at it.

So before we allowed Pininfarina to design the outside of the Peugeot 504, our engineers designed the inside.

They based the design of the Peugeot body on the design of the human one.

To help people get in and out easily, each of the four doors swings open 70 degrees.

But sitting in a 504 is even more comfortable than getting in. Because the inside of a 504 has much the same headroom and legroom as a full-size luxury car.

To cradle the human form, the 504's seats

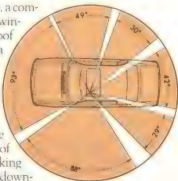
are orthopedically contoured. And to cushion the human body, they're tuned to our four-wheel independent suspension.

Because there are as many different postures as people, the front seat backs adjust to any angle from bolt upright to fully reclining.

And because people who are long from the waist down are generally long from the waist up, the front seats move

and pinion steering to make even the hardest driving easy.

For human eyes, a combination of wide windows and narrow roof pillars produces a total of 331 degrees of vision. Tinted glass keeps glare from interfering with that vision, and a slanted engine prevents the line of the hood from blocking it. (The hood slopes downward, to make objects as near as 15 feet in front of our car easily discernible.)



Our engineers even made allowances for human error, by equipping the 504 with a manual choke that automatically shuts itself off whenever the driver forgets to.

While other cars may be designed for showrooms, ours are designed for people.

That's the way we've been designing Peugeot bodies for years.

Because it's the way human bodies have been designed since time began.



PEUGEOT
A different kind of luxury car.

© 1976 Peugeot, Inc.

Taste Barrier Broken.

Struggle to get taste into low tar smoking ends suddenly with new 'Enriched Flavor' discovery for 9 mg. tar MERIT.

For years, dependency on tar for taste has created a taste "barrier" for low tar cigarettes.

A limit on how good a low tar smoke could taste.

Now that barrier has been broken.

Broken by a remarkable cigarette called MERIT.

MERIT packs 'Enriched Flavor.' A radical new taste discovery so effective at fortifying tobacco with extra flavor that MERIT actually delivers as much — or more — taste than cigarettes having higher tar.

Up to 60% higher tar.

Yet MERIT has only 9 mg. tar. One of the lowest tar levels in smoking today. Lower, in fact, than 98% of all cigarettes sold.

Thousands of smokers were tested. The results were conclusive.

If you smoke, you'll be interested.

Smokers Report MERIT Delivers More Taste

9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar cigarette brands ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1976

Thousands of filter smokers were involved, smokers like yourself, all tested at home.*

Even if the cigarette tested had 60% more tar, a significant majority of all smokers tested reported new 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT delivered more taste.

Repeat: delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, 9 mg. tar MERIT MENTHOL performed strongly too, delivering as much — or more — taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough. Now you've got the cigarette.

MERIT. Unprecedented flavor at 9 mg. tar.

From Philip Morris.

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion Study available free on request
Philip Morris Inc. Richmond, VA 23261

MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



sult: some world-traveling Cartier customers came to regard the New York store as shamefully *déclassé*. Says Socialite Betsy Pickering: "There is no comparison between it and the Paris store. In the past decade it [the New York house] has not been a quality store—one never went there. They opened up the store to too many customers; it became more of a boutique, trying to appeal to the American secretary."

Now the Cartier houses are coming together again, perhaps because none of them are any longer owned by members of the founding family. In 1964 the Paris operation was sold to two Americans living in Britain; they in turn sold out in 1972 for \$12.8 million to a syndicate headed by Robert Hocq, a brash French industrialist. In 1974 Hocq organized another group to buy the London house. And in January still another European syndicate purchased the U.S. operation for \$9.5 million from Kenton Corp., a holding company that had owned the New York store since 1968. This month the deal was finally sealed when Hocq signed a contract to manage the New York firm.

Paris Philosophy. Hocq insists that the sale to European investors, all of whom have chosen to remain anonymous, does not represent a takeover by the Paris company. But he adds that the new owners agreed to buy the U.S. operation only if Hocq would supervise its management. One immediate change at the New York store was the installation of Ralph Destino, a former managing director of Cartier Ltd. in the Far East, as president. Over the years, says Destino, differences between the Paris and New York stores resulted in "one company looking backward, perhaps too far back, and the other forward, perhaps too far forward." From now on, he says, Cartier New York will be managed "by a Cartier Paris philosophy."

The Paris philosophy, however, has changed under Hocq and his attractive, cigar-smoking daughter Nathalie, 24, who serves as general manager of European operations for high-class jewelry. To reach customers who cannot afford traditional Cartier pieces that retail for \$500,000 and up, they have established a lower-priced range of jewelry and set up 13 boutiques—called *les musts* (French, as in "Dear, you must buy that for me") *de Cartier*—in cities round the world. Last year the Paris operation doubled its sales, to \$50 million.

Privately, Hocq makes no secret of the fact that he aims to improve the New York firm's financial performance—it had sales of only \$15 million in 1975—by using the prestigious name of Cartier to merchandise all manner of *unhaute* products: luggage, stationery, lighters. This he expects to do by opening *les musts de Cartier* throughout the U.S. in department stores and as independent shops. One gathers that the American secretary is supposed to feel quite at home in them.

FOOD

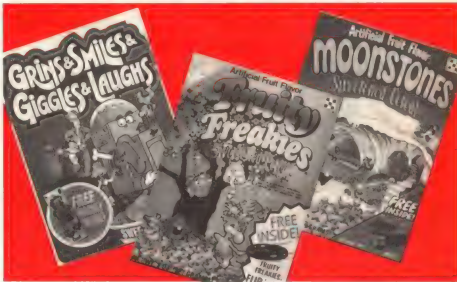
Breakfast Bestseller

Bacon and eggs, toast, waffles, pancakes have their devotees, but the most popular American breakfast is cold cereal with milk. So, at least, say cereal makers, and they have some figures to back up their claim. From 1967 through 1972, cereal sales hardly grew at all, but since then they have been rising rapidly—by 13% in 1973, 8% in 1974 and nearly 6% last year, to 1.8 billion lbs. In those three years, dollar sales have risen from \$1.1 billion to \$1.7 billion, and per capita consumption of cereal has expanded almost a third, from about 6 lbs. in 1972 to nearly 8 lbs. in 1975.

The years of the boom have been a period first of roaring inflation, then of deep recession, and those misfortunes seem to have increased the main appeal of breakfast cereals: economy. Says Kel-

logg's remains a turbulent one in which no fewer than 156 brands, produced by about 55 manufacturers, fight for sales. The count changes constantly because cereal makers keep bringing out new brands—usually spending \$3 to \$5 million on advertising to introduce them—in order to catch the buyer's attention.

A Lot of Puff? The competition is hottest in presweetened cereals, which captured 31% of sales last year. Falling sugar prices are encouraging manufacturers to step up introductions of new brands. General Mills is bringing out Fruit Brutes, aiming to win kids away from Kellogg's Fruit Loops, and Ralston Purina is offering Fruity Freakies. Later this year Ralston will introduce Moonstones, a fruit-flavored cereal in crescent, star and sphere shapes, and Grins & Smiles & Giggles & Laughs, which (or so kids will be told) stream from the mouth of a "computer-type monster" named Cecil when his "funny



RALSTON PURINA'S POP APPROACH TO CEREAL PACKAGING

Despite the colorful pitches, the main appeal is economy.

logg's Corporate Publications Manager Rolfe Jenkins: "People on tight budgets have found cold cereal a good buy." With reason: the Cereal Institute, Inc., calculates the cost of an average 1-oz. serving of cereal and 4 oz. of milk at just under 11¢, even after the price rises of recent times. In addition, more and more married women are working outside the home; husbands and children who have to make their own breakfasts are increasingly inclined to reach for a box of cereal. Manufacturers also have made cereals more nutritious, partly in response to testimony by diet experts who in 1970 told a Senate subcommittee that many widely sold cereals had little or no nutritional value. The year before those hearings, only 16% of cold cereals were fortified with vitamins and iron, by 1973, 85% were.

Though prosperous, the cereal mar-

ket is tickled. New brands of presweetened cereals frequently have a short life: Post's Pink Panther Flakes, Quaker Oats' Quake Quangaroos and General Mills' Baron von Redberry have all been introduced and then dropped in the past four years.

Curiously, cereal makers are rather reticent in talking about their recent sales successes. Reason: a Federal Trade Commission investigation that began in 1972 and is likely to wind up in a few months. The FTC is seeking to determine whether Kellogg's, General Mills, General Foods (which markets Post cereals) and Quaker Oats have monopolized the market by flooding it with similar brands and advertising them on a scale that smaller competitors cannot match. The FTC, in other words, suspects that the competition is all a lot of puff; to the cereal makers, it seems only too real.

It was high noon, high season and hurly-burly last week on that nondescript stretch of Manhattan's Seventh Avenue that is the fount of American fashion. In scores of clangorous workrooms, dressmakers tacked and stitched round the clock filling orders for spring and summer lines. Designers and assistants were feverishly sketching the fall collections that will go on show in May. On the street, whose signs proclaim it FASHION AVENUE, traffic was all but paralyzed by porters pushing wheeled racks of garments from shop to shipper. The end product of all this activity festooned stores large and small across the country, as window displays and clothes departments bloomed with the bright fresh crop of U.S. fashions.

Shoppers lingered longingly over jumpsuits in gung-ho cuts and colors, carefully fingered exotic fabrics. At Bloomingdale's in Manhattan, swimsuits and playclothes were selling as if August were around the corner. At I. Magnin in San Francisco, suavely tailored pants outfits and evening pajamas vied for attention. Many of the designs, such as Calvin Klein's apron dress and Oscar de la Renta's rumba number (see color pages), are deftly droll. There were raincoats that managed to be practical and chic as well. T-shirts that could be worn

comfort. Rejecting the rigid formalism of European *haute couture*, American designers rediscovered the body. They started making versatile, flexible attire that can carry a woman through the day and past the evening. The ready-to-wear lines are virtually ageless and classless, and are within the reach of most women. A trendy suit from a top designer can cost less than \$200. T-shirts, from \$10 to \$20; an eye-catching swimsuit goes for \$25 to \$60. Women can pay far more, of course. But the quality and durable panache of today's off-the-peg clothes make them a sound investment at almost any price.

Fashion Doyenne Diana Vreeland, who reigned at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue* for more than three decades and has always favored European designers, concedes that the men and women on Seventh Avenue today "have a great fastidiousness, simplicity, and everyday elegance that is wonderful and very American. For the first time, American designers' ready-to-wear clothes are a perfect turnout." The winning look is based on the al-

FRANCESCO SEAVULLO

COVER STORY

AMERICAN Chic IN Fashion



Front row (left to right): John Anthony, Carol Horn, Monika Tilley. Second row: Adolfo, Ralph Lauren, Geoffrey Beene. Back row: Halston, Bill Blass, Albert Capraro.

to the opera, sportsuits that could enhance a dinner table as easily as the driving range.

The clothes, like those casual, comfortable, contemporary Americans they are made for, will not only be bought and worn at home but will be noted and copied in Rio and in Rome, on the Giza and the Avenue George V. After more than a century of obeisance to Europe's high priests of couture, American designers have won worldwide respect as creative interpreters of a way of life—and style. It is a rebellion and an achievement that has been building since World War II. But it has, in the eclectic fashion world of 1976, undeniably come of age and attained a new level of *élan* and confidence. "I think for the first time that the attitude that the American woman has about dressing is the concept most admired and emulated in the world," says Grace Mirabella, *Vogue's* editor in chief. "It is because she is on to something—a certain way and kind of dressing, a demand for ease and a kind of good looks, a simplicity of looks."

Certainly American fashion today is much more than pretty clothes. Says Geraldine Stutz, president of ultra-chic Henri Bendel in Manhattan and one of retailing's shrewdest oracles: "Fashion is a much broader concept now. It's not just from the chin to the ankles. Fashion now means health, good looks, being in shape, good skin, beauty care. It means wine, furniture, needlecraft, growing things. Fashion today means the environment as well as clothes."

The distinctively American style has emerged only in the past few years. Its spirit is free and frisky, its emphasis on casual

most all-encompassing range of clothes that are misleadingly labeled "sportswear." In fact, the designation covers about 80% of the clothes women wear.

"These clothes work for people as uniforms do for certain sports," Designer Geoffrey Beene maintains, adding wryly: "To survive today is a sport of sorts." Beene has the impression that people the world over are working harder than ever before. Says he: "Clothes today must fit into this supercine pace of living. It's an economic reality. The indulgence is over."

American chic is the country cousin who came to the city, the drop-in guest who stayed for a candlelight dinner. It has drifted in from the gold mines and cattle ranges of the Old West, from the wharves, barracks and boiler rooms of today, carrying a look as cleanly functional as sled or scythe. It is fluid, soft, supple, slithery, sexy and unstuffy. Says Consuelo Crespi, editor of Italian *Vogue*: "It's the effortless look, the throwaway chic that the Americans do so well. They can give a dinner party for eight, be up early next morning on the tennis court, and still look fresh the next day."

The great and relatively recent accomplishment of American fashion has been to take dictatorship away from the designer. Acquiring separate items that can be mixed and matched, dressed down or up, the American woman can create her own

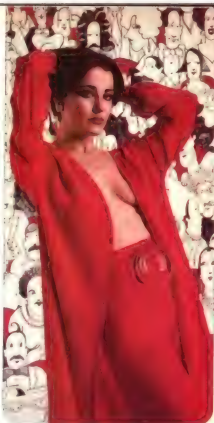
Photographs for Time by Eddie Adams



Ralph Lauren's cotton madras jumpsuit.



Mary McFadden's open-back tunic over harem pants.



Geoffrey Beene's pajama game.



Halston's sarong and stole.



Calvin Klein's open dress and stovepipe pants.



Oscar de la Renta's rhumba number.



Albert Capraro's cotton vinyl rainsuit.



Halston's Bicentennial statement.

Beene Bag's tank top and wide pants.



John Anthony's striped silk jumpsuit.

Beene's sleeveless tunic over pajama pants.



Carol Horn's skirt worn as strapless dress.

Monika Tilley's starred maillot swimsuit.



look for all hours and occasions (see box). American women will no longer accept the abrupt style changes that characterized fashion until the great mid-decade of 1970.

Appealing as they are, ready-made clothes from the U.S. have yet to offer a serious challenge to the great European collections. Marc Bohan, 49, who for 15 years has kept the Paris house of Dior in the forefront of world fashion, has high praise for what he calls the Americans' "relaxed, sportive way of putting clothes together." However, like other Continental designers, he maintains that most innovations still come from Europe. Says he: "American designers work on ideas rather than invent them."

That, of course, is an overstatement, as is the insistence by European designers that they are not influenced by their American counterparts. Incontrovertibly, the dynamics of American life and the clothes that reflect it have profoundly affected the way people dress around the world. Says Carrie Donovan, senior fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar*: "You really saw it last fall in the Paris ready-to-wear collections. They took wonderful stuff from the Army-Navy store, Bermuda shorts, parkas—it was the American way of dressing done with their particular style."

Because of high Common Market tariffs and a curious lack of support from everyone in Washington, D.C., except Betty Ford, American manufacturers sell few clothes in Europe. In Japan, by contrast, the American look has taken the country by storm. While Oscar de la Renta showed his new collection at the Hotel Okura last week, Calvin Klein's Japanese-made line was selling like *sushi* at Isetan department store, Tokyo's Bloomingdale's. Kashiya, one of Japan's biggest garment manufacturers, uses a computer system to adapt John Meyer designs to the Japanese figure. Other companies have signed about a hundred contracts with American firms. American-style clothes rang up some \$300 million in sales to the Japanese last year.

No single designer speaks for the American look. None of the Americans, for example, as cunningly and consistently divines what women crave as France's Yves St. Laurent; none shows the innovative brilliance of such young Parisian stars as Japanese-born Kenzo Takada. Fashion historians will probably look back not on any individual but on American designer-entrepreneurs in general as the School of the 70s—and a very savvy school at that.

► At the head of the class is Halston, born Roy Halston Frowick in Des Moines 43 years ago. The first to take the "less-is-more" approach to designing clothes, Halston revived the once fashionable sweater set and sweater dress by using cashmere, argyle and matte jersey, and four years ago introduced Japanese-made ultrasuede, the most sought-after covering since the fig leaf. While he dresses some of the world's most fashionable women, Halston's soft, tactile approach to sportswear has also won him immense success as a ready-to-wear magnate: his off-the-peg clothes sell for between \$25 and \$1,000. A three-time winner of the Coty Award (fashion's Oscar), Halston believes "a

designer should analyze the needs of the public and draw for all shapes and sizes. Our age group is anywhere from 18 to 80. It includes a businesswoman and a woman of leisure. It's a mother, a daughter, Ms. America at large. It is someone tall and skinny and someone not so tall and not so thin. When I sit and do the collection, I think of everybody." Not for every body, obviously, is his black satin "Savage" swimsuit (see cover), a spectacular \$60 loincloth that at least four other designers claim to have brought out before Halston. In 1973, the Norton Simon conglomerate bought the Halston label for about \$12 million; Halston Enterprises, which includes more than a dozen franchising businesses, did \$90 million retail last year.

► Calvin Klein, ten years Halston's junior, is viewed by some experts as the most perceptive U.S. designer. A supercharged worker (13 hours a day), he graduated from New York's Fashion Institute of Technology and opened his own house in 1968. His clothes are comfortable and uncluttered. Seemingly influenced early in his career by Yves St. Laurent—though he denies it—three-time Coty Winner Klein has the French master's pipeline to the female fancy. Describing a typical Klein ensemble of skirt, skinny coat and cowl-neck sweater as "the best basic look in fashion today," *Vogue* last September pronounced: "If you were around 100 years from now and wanted a definitive picture of the American look in 1975, you'd study Calvin Klein." His clothes will earn \$40 million at retail this year, his licensing agreements, covering everything from furs to sheets, took in \$12 million in 1975. "Some people take their cue from Jackie O," he remarks, without naming Rival Halston. "I am more interested in the young



CALVIN KLEIN AT HOME



MARY MCFADDEN IN A MARY MCFADDEN

American woman, and I watch her." But he does not lack for celebrated clients. Among them: Elizabeth Ashley, Mrs. William Buckley, Faye Dunaway, Alexis Smith, Mica Ertegun and Ethel Kennedy.

► Like Klein, Ralph Lauren, nee Lifshitz, was born in The Bronx. At 36, in only his fourth year of designing women's wear, he is perhaps the most purely American of all. For the "thoroughbred, American-looking girl who really takes care of her body," he creates clothes that are "part of living, earthly, tweedy." He is a masterful tailor and a lover of fabrics such as Harris tweed and British flannel. His slim, sleek adaptations of English blazers and hacking jackets are, he says, "unfashionable in a way, yet fun and exciting in their function." His women's wear brought in \$10 million re-



OSCAR DE LA RENTA MAKING HIS PITCH IN TOKYO

*Among them: Marina Benenson, Carol Channing, Mrs. Gianni Agnelli, Mrs. Vincent Astor, Lauren Bacall, Raquel Welch, Ali McGraw, Mrs. William M. McCormick Blair Jr., Mrs. Charles Revson, Liza Minnelli, Lee Radziwill and her sister Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, who at her first husband's inauguration, wore a Halston's pillow hat—backward. Despite Jackie's mistake, the hat became a rage and helped make Halston famous.



CAPRARO-CLAD FORD



MAUDE ADAMS
IN A HOLLY HARP GOWN



MARY WELLS LAWRENCE
IN A BILL BLASS



MARISA BERENSON
IN A HALSTON DESIGN



NANCY KISSINGER
IN A DE LA RENTA GOWN

tail last year and Polo, his menswear firm, another \$16 million. His clothes count among their adherents Shirley MacLaine, Barbra Streisand, Sally Quinn, Lola Redford, Diane Keaton and Lauren Hutton (who once said that she wears only jeans and Lauren).

► Geoffrey Beene, 49, a three-time *Coty* winner from Louisiana, studied to be a doctor before deciding he would rather decorate women than diagnose them. An urbane high-fashion designer (up to \$3,000 for a turnout), he has developed one of the world's classiest lower-priced ready-to-wear lines. His Beene Bag collection features loose, lean clothes—notably big shirts and wide pants—that sell for between \$12 and \$200 and, he claims, are "on the same taste level as my couture." After delving into the history of apparel since the 14th century, Beene decided that "the most enduring thing, lasting centuries, has been peasants' clothes." The keynote, he says, is "simplicity," adding: "To arrive at simplicity without looking contrived is one of the most difficult things in the world." In Beene's bag are such fashionable women as Gloria Vanderbilt, Cooper, Mary Wells Lawrence, Jackie Onassis and Olympia de Rothschild. He designed Lynda Bird Johnson Robb's wedding dress.

► Indiana-born Bill Blass, 54, started his own firm nine years ago with a successful menswear collection "Women," he recalls, "kept saying to me, 'I wish you'd do things like that for us.'" So he did. His high-fashion clothes, which were launched in 1967 and sell for up to \$2,000, and his less expensive Blassport line (\$25 to \$350), started two years later, show the same jaunty lines that made his suits a hit with affluent suburban males—sometimes known as his "Scarsdale Mafia." A suppersalesman who, as one editor notes, "could sell the eyelashes off a hog," Blass sells in Tokyo and Hong Kong and has one of the biggest accessory businesses of any American designer. His 1975 retail sales were \$24 million. His fans include Anne Douglas, Nancy Kissinger and Socialites Anne Ford Uzielli, Charlotte Ford Forstmann, Chessy Rayner and Mrs. Joshua Logan.

► Oscar de la Renta, 41, was born in Santo Domingo and studied art in Madrid. But his clothes are essentially and seductively Yankee. Says he: "We Americans understand the concept and the role of the modern woman far better than anyone else. We have a far greater accumulation of know-how than our European counterparts." He is particularly proud of his overseas popularity; he had retail sales of \$2.5 million last year in Japan, Mexico and Canada. "Good fashion is good anywhere in the world," he believes. "I'm gratified that Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller and Mrs. Kissinger are among buyers of my clothes. But I'd like to see every Japanese woman follow suit."

► Mary McFadden, 38, is the most exotic of American designers. Long Island-bred, educated at Columbia and the Sorbonne, she started making clothes in Africa before hanging out

her shingle as a designer in 1973. Working in Eastern silks, Javanese hand-painted batiks, Japanese pongee and Indian tussah, she draws inspiration for prints from modern paintings (Kenneth Noland, Sam Francis), African calligraphy, ancient Persian costumes and Ming porcelains. "Each fabric," she insists, "should be as good as any painting in the Metropolitan." McFadden emphasizes soft, flowing dresses. Says she: "I want my woman to float. The cut of my silks has a marvelous movement on the body." For contrast, she also takes the "tubular" approach, using a woman's shoulders as an architectural form from which to hang a dress or tunic. Her own best model, McFadden (5 ft. 4 in., 95 lbs.) boasts, "I cut all my clothes on myself." In just three years, McFadden has staked out her own expensive (to \$1,000) corner of the market, appealing to such clients as Diana Vreeland (who says that her other clothes are all European), and Socialites Mrs. William ("Babe") Paley, Mrs. Pierre Schlumberger, Mrs. Jane Engelhard and Mrs. Rupert Hambro.

► Diane von Furstenberg, 29, is a spectacularly successful entrepreneur whose American-accented, Italian-made clothes are marketed around the world. Belgian-born, she started out selling clothes in the U.S. that were made by Italy's Angelo Ferretti, which still manufactures her entire line, and by year end expects to turn out 20,000 garments a week for the U.S. market alone. Her clothes and accessories will gross \$60 million in 1976.

► Adolfo Sardina, 43, came to the U.S. from his native Cuba in 1956 and opened his own house in 1962 with a \$10,000 loan from Bill Blass. The loan was repaid within a year as Adolfo's well-bred, expensive (up to \$775 for Chanel-type hand-knit suits) couture clothes caught on. American style, as he sees it, "is an aura of comfort, elegance and youth. It's a feeling." The feeling is shared by such customers as Betsy Bloomingdale, Nancy Rea-

AN AMERICAN WARDROBE

Versatility and ease are the keystones of contemporary American fashion. Matching and mixing her clothes, today's woman can adapt a basic wardrobe to suit up for any occasion. *TIME* asked the editors of *Vogue* to pick a sample multipurpose wardrobe whose eleven easy, though not exactly inexpensive, pieces can be worn from spring to early fall. Cost: \$1,524.50.

The choice for an all-occasion best suit is John Anthony's pale gray-heather cotton-jersey long-sleeved, shirt-collared jacket, pleated wrap skirt and ivory muscle-sleeve T shirt (\$210). The suit jacket can be worn with Anthony's matching pleated trousers (\$60) by day. The look can be varied with the addition of Blassport's long-sleeved ivory polyester crepe-de-chine front-buttoned shirt (\$44), which can be worn partly buttoned and knotted under the waist for a casual evening out.

For weekend shopping, country strolling or office wear, how



ETHEL KENNEDY
IN A HALSTON



ANNE RICHARDSON
IN A MOLLIE PARNIS



LAUREN HUTTON
IN A RALPH LAUREN



LAUREN BACALL IN
HALSTON GOWN



SHIRLEY MACLAINE IN
LAUREN OUTFIT

gan, Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper, Mrs. Ray Stark, Babe Paley and Marlo Thomas, who helped build Adolfo's retail sales to \$6 million last year.

► Manhattan-born Albert Capraro, 32, a onetime assistant to de la Renta, had a Ford in his future. After only six months on his own in January 1975, he was asked to show his collection to the First Lady. Betty Ford was soon joined as a customer by Daughter Susan and Barbara Walters, the current Miss America and three of her predecessors, Polly Bergen and Ambassador to Britain Anne Armstrong. Capraro's brightly colored, low-priced jumpsuits (\$100) and one-piece dresses (from \$60) are as close to Middle America as Seventh Avenue can get—and last year Capraro clothes sold \$14 million retail.

► After his fifth year and one Coty, John Anthony, 38, a New Yorker of Italian descent who worked his way up in the trade, will have retail sales this year of \$6 million, and can say: "I don't want to go above that." He explains: "I design for a small, strong audience. I'm a drop in the ocean, but my audience is select. She's a celebrity, a movie star, she's in society, she's a President's wife. She may even be a working girl who doesn't mind having one or two outfits: not everyone can afford \$200 to \$300 for a dress. She is a very special lady." The ladies also have to be slim and fairly tall ("I don't want to be for Kate Smiths or Gloria Swansons"). Among those who qualify: Polly Bergen, Audrey Meadows, Lois Chiles, Nancy Reagan.

► Carol Horn, 39, a Coty winner last year, also covers the world—Japan, Rumania, Guatemala, India—but on a budget. A native New Yorker who had no formal fashion training, she uses offbeat fabrics that "people want to touch," and makes inexpensive multipurpose clothes such as a crinkled cotton caftan. "My ideal garment," she says, "is one I can walk around the

house in, toss over a bathing suit at the beach, dress up with accessories and wear out at night." Her Habitat ready-to-wear line did \$5 million retail in 1975, its first year, and is expected to grow 50% in 1976. Horn buffs include Goldie Hawn, Dina Merrill, Evonne Goolagong and Isabelle Adjani.

► Britta Bauer, 29, German born and educated, was a model with no business experience when she started Cinnamon Wear in 1972. She and her partner Barry Lis, 31, have had a phenomenal success by breaking all the rules. Britta and Barry rarely advertise or hold shows, and carry basically the same clothes season after season. Reasons Bauer: "Often people will see something they like in a store, buy one, and go back for more of the same—only they can't get it. We like to give women a chance to come back and get what they like." Britta believes that "clothes should be fun"; and her sporty coats, pants and jackets bear her out. Cinnamon Wearers paid an average \$30 a garment for a total of \$10 million last year.

It is only in the past decade or so that U.S. designers have become celebrities in their own right. With a few exceptions, like the late Norman Norell and the late Claire McCardell, most designers used to work semianonymously for manufacturers. Today, says June Weir, fashion editor of *Women's Wear Daily*, "customers are much more designer-conscious. So when a customer walks into a store, she's heard of Bill Blass, Ralph Lauren and Calvin Klein and is willing to pay a little extra to be able to say she is wearing designer clothes."

Still, getting to the top and staying there is not, so to speak, for partywais. U.S. fashion is a \$12 billion cottage industry; in the past two years, more than two dozen major U.S. garment manufacturers have folded. The rag trade is still much as Jerome Weidman pictured it in his 1937 novel *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. Conspiracy, espionage and piracy are all part of the game. Even before a top designer comes out with a hot new look, his rivals are apt to be running off Chinese copies that will retail for perhaps half the price of the original.

Nonetheless, Seventh Avenue—part commodity market, part cloud-cuckoo land—is one of few remaining arenas where the bright, the brave—and the lucky—can win fame and fortune. Deservedly so, because of all businessmen and women in the U.S., few return so much to the consumer in pleasure and self-esteem. The point was made last week at a much ballyhooed Salute to U.S. Fashion in Washington's Kennedy Center. Few of the honored designers were on hand to acknowledge the encomiums, however. Calvin and Oscar and Mary and Adolfo and Halston were all on the road. The real tribute was on the backs of the guests. Almost without exception, they were dressed by Seventh, make that Fashion, Avenue.

IN ELEVEN EASY PIECES

about Ralph Lauren's tan cotton-madras pleated pants, known as the "Fred Astaire look" (\$76), with matching unlined blazer (\$170). For variety, swap the pants of this fresh crisp outfit for Calvin Klein's buff poplin elastic-waist fly-front trouser skirt (\$63). For work or casual lunches, either variation of the ensemble can be worn with Klein's buff T shirt, which is cotton knit, with a crew neck and long sleeves (\$11.50), or Lauren's tan knit T shirt with roll sleeves and crew neck (\$18). When it mizzles, put on Beene Bag's natural poplin raincoat with set-in sleeves (\$160).

For cocktail parties, consider Calvin Klein's salmon crepe-de-chine long-sleeved blouse with banded collar, and his separate matching narrow-front wrap skirt (both for \$232). Finally, for that most glamorous evening, the jewel of the wardrobe: Halston's peach silk crepe-de-chine evening jumpsuit, bare back, with halter top, bias cowl neck and bias self-sash at waist (\$480).



BRITISH NEWSMEN AIDING LORD GEORGE-BROWN AFTER HIS POST-RESIGNATION TUMBLE

After the Fall

It was an old-fashioned, ripping Fleet Street row. The issue: press treatment of the abrupt resignation from the Labor Party of Lord George-Brown, 61, the hard-drinking, outspoken former British Foreign Secretary, Deputy Prime Minister and Economic Affairs Minister. A member of the House of Lords since 1970, George-Brown went on TV to announce his decision to quit the party after 40 years. The move, prompted by George-Brown's fear that press freedom would be threatened by a Labor proposal requiring all journalists to join a union, was made only after considerable personal turmoil—and some alcoholic fortification. After a brief, halting speech, delivered while waving a glass of white wine, George-Brown backed away from the cameras, left the studio and fell on his face in the street.

For the London papers, the big story quickly became not George-Brown's resignation but press coverage of his subsequent tumble. After the *Guardian*, *Daily Mirror*, *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express* all carried front-page photos of the elder statesman's dive, the lordly *Times* weighed in with a cane-wagging editorial scolding them for lack of "compassion and delicacy" in showing George-Brown "fallen in the gutter." Perhaps, the *Times* added sarcastically, the other papers "resented his infringing their monopoly" there.

Striking back, the liberal *Guardian* accused the *Times* of "knee-jerk elitism that believes public figures should always be shielded in public indignity."

The tabloid *Mirror* flayed the *Times* for "prejudiced and intemperate political judgment." Author Auberon Waugh wrote to the *Times*: "Your decision to suppress those aspects of the news which displease you strike me as differing only in its effectiveness from the Russian model."

Times Editor William Rees-Mogg defended his editorial as a needed blow against what he sees as an "increasing trend in Fleet Street to competitively intrude into people's private lives." Many Britons seemed to agree. The four offending papers were deluged with letters expressing sympathy for George-Brown. The *Daily Mail* devoted its entire letters page to complaints on the matter—but noted that it did so because "newspapers, like politicians, operate in the public arena."

Shorting the Sale

The juicy, well-marbled rib roast on the cover of the *Atlantic Monthly's* March issue looks tasty enough, but the magazine did not appeal to executives at Safeway Stores, Inc., the nation's largest supermarket chain (1975 sales: \$9.7 billion). After a memo alerting stores to the issue went out from the chain's Oakland, Calif., headquarters last month, some Safeway stores removed the magazine from their newsstand shelves.

What bothered the company about the issue was an unflattering account of food industry merchandising and meat-labeling practices. The 5,000-word article, titled "Rip-Off at the Supermarket" and excerpted from a forthcoming

book on the food industry by Pop-Sociologist John Keats (*The Sheepskin Psychosis, The Insolent Chariots*), does not mention Safeway specifically. While denying that the company actually banned the magazine, Safeway spokesmen do say, without going into specifics, that they found the article to be "anti-industry" in posture—as indeed it was. Although it contained some roundhouse generalities (the food industry operates in a "moral swamp," and "supermarket people take us for fools"), the story focused largely on one independent store-owner's account of shady retail practices, such as short-weighting meat and passing off inferior fish as sole.

"We don't question [Safeway's] right to sell what they please," said Publisher Garth Hite. "But it is kind of depressing to think that they would treat ideas as if they were mere bottles of catsup."

Fueling the Argument

On another front and in far more direct fashion, business was also fighting back at its treatment by the press. The protesters were oil companies, and the focus of their ire was a five-part look at gasoline prices broadcast last month on WNBC-TV, the network-owned station in New York City. The mini-series was aired in daily segments of about five minutes each on the early evening news broadcast. Several oil companies privately expressed displeasure at the coverage, and one, Mobil, went public with its complaints, purchasing nearly \$36,000 worth of full-page advertisements in local newspapers to denounce the series as "a parade of warmed-over distortions, half-truths, and downright untruths."

The ads accused WNBC-TV Investigative Reporter Liz Trotta of 18 specific "hatchet jobs." Some of Mobil's contentions were minor. At one point, for instance, Trotta asked: "If there's a surplus of oil, then why hasn't the price of gasoline gone down?" Mobil's complaint was, in part, that the price has gone down in recent months by about 2¢ a gallon. But other Mobil points about inaccurate or loaded reporting were sharper. Among them:

► Reporter Trotta cited 1973 and 1974 reports that "tankers loaded with millions of gallons of oil were waiting offshore in New York Harbor" at the height of the oil shortage. But there was no mention, as Mobil felt there should have been, of later investigations that failed to support the parked-tankers stories.

► At one point, during a discussion of company resistance to proposals to break up big oil firms, Trotta talked about difficulties legislators have in getting information from the oil industry. She then ran a film clip from a Senate

hearing showing Senator Henry M. Jackson getting angry at an oil company executive who could not immediately recall his company's recent dividends. Although the Senate had hearings on oil industry competition last fall, WNBC's film came from a 1974 hearing on oil company profits.

► During a segment on dealer relations with the oil companies, one station operator was shown complaining that "the only difference between them and the hoodlums in the street is that [the oil companies] don't get caught." Then WNBC cut straight to an oil executive saying, "It is true, we're not willing to subsidize an economic loss at a marginal station." The juxtaposition, as Mobil saw it, was a "cheap distortion."

Last January Mobil executives were invited to be interviewed for the series. They kept putting off an appearance until it was too late, explaining in the ad that they did not want their remarks to be edited. Said Mobil Spokesman Raymond D'Argenio: "We've been screwed too many times by people coming in here, talking to us for a half-hour or an hour and then excerpting two minutes of one of our guys scratching his nose."

Free Time. After the series appeared, Mobil Vice President Herbert Schmertz, the company's public affairs chief, asked to buy 30 minutes of WNBC-TV's air time to reply. The station turned him down, citing an NAB rule against paid statements on "controversial" issues, a policy supported in a 1973 Supreme Court decision. Instead, WNBC-TV News Director Earl Ubell offered Mobil two or three minutes of free time on the evening news program, to be followed by a few more minutes of questioning by Trotta. Company executives declined, arguing that the time would not be enough "to reply to five nights of one-sided editorializing totaling some 36 minutes." WNBC has not answered Mobil's specific complaints about the series, and Ubell says he stands by Trotta's report.

The oil company's protests raise anew a difficult question: How should companies or individuals reply to news and documentary programs when they have a beef? Allowing them to buy rebuttal time does not seem very satisfactory; wealthy interest groups or people could flood the air with self-serving propaganda, to the disadvantage of less affluent opponents.

Newspapers have letters-to-the-editor columns and op-ed pages to accommodate outside voices; broadcast equivalents are harder to find. The FCC encourages local stations to let viewers and listeners answer station editorials, but not news and documentary programs. In a Mobil ad that appeared opposite newspaper editorial pages the same day as the "hatchet job" blast, the company urged consideration of a "voluntary mechanism" for reply that would be "developed by the press [and] which would promote free and robust debate."

The advertisement is a 2x2 grid of images. The top-left image shows four men in suits sitting at a table with wine glasses, with the word "Wine." overlaid. The top-right image shows a woman relaxing on a lounge chair by a pool, with the word "Dine." overlaid. The bottom-left image shows a man in a suit speaking into a microphone at a podium, with the word "Plan." overlaid. The bottom-right image shows a car parked in front of a Travelodge hotel building, with the words "If you can." overlaid. Below the grid, the words "Save." and "Rave." are written in large, bold letters.

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ENGINEERS

Come to Gothenburg, Sweden. It's the cheapest place to take delivery (it's free). And we'll give you a VIP tour of the factory. But you may already know how well Volvos are built. Engineers are among our best customers.

**EDUCATORS ON
SABBATICAL**

This is your lucky year. People who think can see Europe from one of several new Volvos. See them at your local Volvo dealer. And take one of his multiple choices out for a test.

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If you have time to see more of Europe than 3 airports and 5 shows, look into Volvo's European delivery plan. The Volvo you buy here and pick up there can take you through Europe while it gets you around the cost of renting/leasing. We even ship it back—free—from one of 7 ports to one of 7 U.S. ports. You end up with a used new Volvo. But think of the fun you'll have had using it. For details, send coupon below.



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SPORT

The Philosopher Knight

Winning the national basketball championship this year means more than just a title, a trophy and the right to chant "We're No. 1!" It is the opportunity to start a new dynasty. With former U.C.L.A. Coach John Wooden in retirement and his once-invincible Bruins now playing like mortals, a kingdom is up for grabs.

In the N.C.A.A. tournament that began last weekend, there is an abundance of possibilities besides fifth-ranked U.C.L.A. Marquette, in Wisconsin, and Alabama both look strong, and late-blooming Virginia knocked off three of the top teams in the country en route to its upset triumph in the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament earlier this month. The East has undefeated Rutgers entered in the lists. But no team seems readier for the March 29 finals than the Hoosiers of Indiana, ranked No. 1 in the nation, undefeated in 56 consecutive regular season games and, above all, coached by Bobby Knight.

In a sport full of men who fiercely want to win, Knight, 35, manages to make his desire seem stronger and deeper than anyone else's. When his team is ahead by 30 points and the reserves are in, Knight exhorts at them as if the score were tied in overtime. During a recently televised game against Michigan, he became so disturbed by some bad passes his guard Jim Wisman made that he grabbed Wisman by his jersey and hauled him off the court. If a referee's call goes against Indiana, Knight sometimes succumbs to his hot temper and starts kicking the nearest chair. Even when he goes fishing, the scoreboard stays lit. If he casts ten times and catches three fish, he will say good naturedly that the fish won, 7-3.

Sixth Man. On the court, his team reflects his intensity, sometimes to a fault. Early this season Knight realized his players were so worried about making mistakes that they were no longer performing well; he offered some praise, and the Hoosiers' playing quickly improved. But discipline—lots of it—is the essence of Knight's coaching style. "I tell them," Knight says, "that wherever you start life, there will be others above you. Get used to it now."

Some followers of the sport compare this year's Hoosier team to the greatest college squads of the past, including the

1960 Ohio State national championship team that Knight played on as a sophomore (he was the sixth man) with Teammates Jerry Lucas and John Havlicek. Indiana Forward Scott May (6 ft. 7 in.) and Center Kent Benson (6 ft. 11 in.) are both All-America; Forward Tom Abernethy (6 ft. 7 in.) and Guard Bobby Wilkerson (6 ft. 7 in.) are both outstanding on defense; and when powerful Guard Quinn Buckner (6 ft. 3 in.) runs onto the home court the Indiana

BY CLARKSON



Knight confers with center Kent Benson

"Wherever you start, there are others above you."

band strikes up *The Mighty Quinn*. Knight's tactics are uncomplicated but demand precise execution. "Other coaches teach various patterns on offense and zones on defense," explains Boston Celtic General Manager Red Auerbach, a longtime follower of Knight's career. "He stresses fundamentals." On offense, Knight's players use a crisp, probing, passing attack, and set up high percentage shots behind Center Benson's solid screens. On defense, the heart of the Knight strategy, his players keep constant pressure on the ball by playing man to man. They cut off passing lanes to prevent close-in baskets, and they never lose track of where the ball is. While many coaches direct an attack aimed at an opponent's vulnerable spots, Knight does the opposite:

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"Shut off an opponent's strength and don't screw around with their weaknesses," he advises. "The game of basketball is a game of mistakes. The team that plays least poorly will win."

Knight has been thinking about coaching since he was a high school player in Orrville, Ohio. It did not take him long to satisfy his ambition. At 24, he took over as head coach at West Point with a total of three years of experience. Though Army is hardly a basketball power, Knight's teams won 102 games, lost 50 and played in four National Invitational Tournaments in six years. In 1971, he went on to Indiana, where he has won four straight Big Ten titles.

But he does not see himself as another John Wooden, coaching until he is 65. Beneath the combative exterior of Bobby Knight, a philosopher is struggling to get out and solve larger problems. Politics fascinates him, as favorite books, such as Allen Drury's novels and David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest*, reflect. His reading appetite also extends to Conan Doyle and Ross MacDonald—who deal, not coincidentally, with puzzles and answers.

"Basketball doesn't matter that much," Knight says. "There is more appreciation in my mind for the discoverer of the cure for yellow fever than for a fellow who averages 30 points a game." Other heroes are Harry Truman and Vince Lombardi, who would have made a great President in Knight's opinion. In fact, some even say that Knight himself should consider politics one day. That is, if he doesn't have his hands full running a basketball dynasty.

A Runaway Winner

Hank Aaron did it in baseball with home run No. 715; Jim Brown did it in football with seven 1,000-yard seasons. Mark Spitz did it in a swimming pool with his seventh Olympic gold medal. Any day now, Jockey Willie Shoemaker, 44, will do it in horseracing, riding a thoroughbred to victory No. 7,000, setting another of sport's Olympian records for generations to test against. By week's end "Shoe," 4 ft. 11½ in., was one win away, and well past the 6,032 mark set in 1966 by John Longden who was 59 at the time when he retired. No one else is within 2,000 wins of Shoemaker.

On the way to 7,000, Shoemaker, a jockey since 1949, has had some famous losses, like the time he was riding Gallant Man in the 1957 Kentucky Derby and miscalculated the location of the finish line. But on three other occasions, he won that race; ten times since 1951 he has been the top money-winning rider (his lifetime total: nearly \$58 million). Shoe's overall winning average comes close to one race out of every four—or 260 victories a year. What next? If he rides until he reaches Longden's retirement age of 59 and wins only 200 races a year, he will reach 10,000.

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Light Conversation

"Mr. Watson, come here! I want you!"

That command—shouted in 1876 by Alexander Graham Bell and heard in another room by his assistant, Thomas Watson, over Bell's first working telephone, was repeated in Boston last week. The occasion: an American Telephone and Telegraph banquet commemorating the 100th anniversary of the telephone. To demonstrate a century of progress, the teen-age descendants of Bell and Watson who re-enacted the historic moment then placed a call that was transmitted between two modern telephones not by electrical current or radio waves but by a beam of light passing through a hair-thin glass fiber. Proclaimed

It took many decades of research and three basic developments to make communication by optical wires a reality. One development was the invention in 1960 of the laser, a device capable of generating an intense narrow beam of light that, for all practical purposes, did not diverge. Miniaturized lasers make it possible to couple powerful light beams accurately with hair-fine glass fibers. Another was the perfection, by Corning Glass Works, of a fiber of glass so pure that it could transmit light long distances. The third accomplishment was the devising, by engineers at Bell Labs and elsewhere, of methods of integrating fiber optics into modern telephone systems.

In a conventional telephone hookup, sound waves entering a microphone are converted into electrical pulses, which travel along a copper wire to another

static that can occur when one telephone wire spills some of its signal into a neighboring line. Measuring as little as one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, the fibers are also far less bulky than wires—an important consideration in cities, where underground cable conduits are already overcrowded. Eventually, the fibers may also prove cheaper. Supplies of copper are limited; silicon, the chief ingredient of glass fiber, is one of the most plentiful materials on earth.

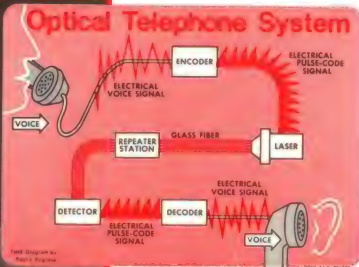
Field Test. Bell Labs is currently field-testing an experimental fiber-optics communications system in Atlanta. But much work must still be done before glass replaces copper in regular systems. Engineers are still trying to find efficient ways of joining the threadlike fibers together. Researchers are working to increase the lifetime of the lasers used to generate the fine beams upon which

optical communication depends; the lasers now in use have a projected lifetime of 100,000 hours; researchers would like to increase this to 1 million hours. Scientists are also developing integrated optical circuits, the optical equivalent of the chips that operate digital watches and pocket calculators. Bell engineers are particularly interested in using the circuits to boost or amplify light beams, or to switch them from one fiber to another.

Police in Bournemouth, England, are now using an optical system developed by International Telephone and Telegraph to link their radio bank with a computer data bank that enables them to keep track of their patrol cars. Fiber-optics cir-

cuits are being tested as control systems in U.S. military aircraft and ships; a Japanese power company is using fiber-optics circuits, which are not affected by nearby high-tension lines, to control some of its equipment.

Amnon Yariv, professor of electrical engineering at California Institute of Technology, predicts that optical circuits will permit and, indeed, encourage an increase "by a factor of thousands" in the amount of information flowing in and out of the average home as people use their phone lines more and more to gain access to everything from their checking accounts to computers and consumer services. A single glass fiber can now be made to carry up to 672 one-way conversations simultaneously. This means that eight fibers, a bundle no thicker than a pencil lead, could do the job now being done by a 3-in. telephone cable.



LIGHT SPOWING FROM GLASS FIBER

A T & T Chairman John DeButts: "I anticipate that by the early 1980s cables of glass fibers will be carrying thousands of simultaneous messages between major switching centers in our big cities."

Morse Code. The idea of using light to convey information far predates the new fiber-optics technology demonstrated so dramatically by A T & T. Primitive man sent signals by building fires or waving torches; ships still use shuttered signal lamps to flash messages to each other. Proof that light could be sent along a curved "pipe"—like electricity flowing through a wire—was provided by British Physicist John Tyndall in 1870. He showed that light shining down on a tank of water could be carried by a stream pouring from a hole in the side of the tank to illuminate the spot on which the stream fell.

phone, where they are converted back to sound waves. In a typical optical arrangement (see diagram), sound waves entering a telephone microphone are converted into electrical signals. These signals pass through an encoder, which converts them into electrical pulses that switch a laser on and off, interrupting a light beam being sent into the end of a fiber. The light thus travels in a series of pulses, not unlike Morse code, that race along the glass "wire." At the end of their journey, these light pulses are picked up by a photodetector, which converts them back to electrical pulses. These, in turn, are fed into a decoder for translation into an electrical signal that vibrates a diaphragm in the receiver, reproducing the voice.

Fibers have enormous advantages over wires. Because they do not "leak" light as copper wires "leak" electricity, fibers should eliminate the cross talk and

MILESTONES

Engaged. Swedish King Carl XVI Gustaf, 29, whose motto is "For Sweden — In Keeping With The Times"; and West German-Brazilian Commoner Silvia Renate Sommerlath, 32, a protocol official for the Olympic Games

Separated. Johnny Bench, 28, All-Star catcher of the world champion Cincinnati Reds; and Model Vickie Chesser Bench, 26; after a year's marriage, no children

Died. Louis Edward Sissman, 48, poet and essayist who was able, he said, to "compartmentalize" his mind and alternate between writing belles-lettres and advertising copy; after a ten-year battle with Hodgkin's disease; in Boston

Died. Sidney E. Rolfe, 54, economist, who was among the first to argue for the now widely accepted monetary policy of floating international exchange rates; of cancer; in East Hampton, N.Y.

Died. John William Wright Patman, 82, 24-term Texas Democratic Congressman and dean of the House of Representatives who, before his overthrow in last year's Young Turk revolt, had served as chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee since 1963; of pneumonia; in Bethesda, Md. Baptist Patman, a vintage populist from Patman's Switch, in the northeast Texas cotton country, never flagged in his hostility to big banks, big money and high interest rates. Always a storm center, and often accused of dictatorial tactics, Patman helped win World War I veterans a \$3 billion bonus in 1936; was co-author of the Robinson-Patman Act, designed to prevent chain stores from driving small competitors out of business by temporarily slashing prices; pushed through the Employment Act of 1946, which made "maximum employment" a national objective and established the Council of Economic Advisors; and was a principal author of legislation creating federal credit unions and the Small Business Administration

Died. The Duke of Leinster, 83, premier peer of Ireland, who in his youth squandered his claim to one of Britain's largest fortunes, went bankrupt three times and lived out his last days, according to his fourth wife, "distraught, depressed and utterly penniless"; in a cramped two-room London apartment.

Died. Attilio Piccioni, 83, anti-Fascist co-founder of Italy's Christian Democratic Party, who resigned as Foreign Minister in 1954 when his jazz-pianist son was falsely implicated in a scandal involving sex, narcotics and the death of a party girl, Wilma Montesi; in Rome.



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Champions

ROBIN AND MARIAN

Directed by RICHARD LESTER

Screenplay by JAMES GOLDMAN

Robin Hood is having some trouble keeping pace with his legend. A bright, boisterous man with an occasional taste for reflection, he reasons that a man who reaches 40 has had a good and generous life. Since he and Little John both are some years past the mark, Robin supposes that they have been particularly blessed.

Such insights help tide them over some of life's disappointments. Certainly the Crusades, which have consumed nearly 20 years of the pair's life when the film opens, were not all they should have been, and when the mad, majestic Richard Lionheart finally dies, Robin and Little John leave France with no regrets, riding north for England and Sherwood Forest. There, everything seems familiar. Robin and Little John come upon Friar Tuck and Will Scarlett, who are hunting deer in the forest. Now Richard's brother John is King, and their old adversary, the sheriff, still rules in Nottingham. Will brings Robin and Little John up to date by singing a popular ballad about the putative exploits of the merry men in their pre-Crusades youth. "But, Will," Robin protests, pleased, "we never did any of those things." Then he asks about Marian.

This sentimental, flawed but quite wonderful movie is about romance and reunion, about people trying to measure up to the myths created about them.

Robin and Marian flirts with serious trouble a couple of times but is saved from lasting damage by a particularly bracing conspiracy of talents. Toward the end of the film, when adversary armies led by Robin and the sheriff face each other across a plain, Robin proposes that instead of both forces clashing, the battle be "settled with champions." The movie is resolved and enhanced in much the same way.

Almost everyone involved with *Robin and Marian* could be a champion. One thinks immediately of the model supporting cast: Richard Harris as Richard Lionheart, Denholm Elliott as Will Scarlett, Ian Holm as King John, Kenneth Haigh as the duplicitous Sir Raulf. There is also the ravishing cinematography of David Watkin, who makes Sherwood into a forest well suited to legend. Particularly there is Sean Connery's Robin Hood, Nicol Williamson's Little John, Robert Shaw's winter-eyed Sheriff, Audrey Hepburn's Maid Marian—and Richard Lester, a film maker of deft wit and frequent brilliance.

Zest for Buffoonery. James Goldman's sweet-spirited script owes much to his previous *The Lion in Winter*, although *Robin and Marian* lacks the lofty airs that marred its predecessor. Marian has taken the veil, but presides over a tiny abbey with worldly animation. She swears with precision and puts up a heated battle when Robin insists on saving her from the sheriff's clutches. She would as soon go to prison, but she has little choice in the matter. Robin shifts her over the back of a horse as if she were a saddlebag.

Their romance continues in this fashion, moving from barbed banter to admissions of continued affection. Marian tells Robin her confessions were "the envy of the convent," then reminds him with a pretty sulk, "You never wrote." Says Robin, "I don't know how." Seeing Marian, being back in Sherwood, rekindles Robin's spirits. Age and old scars are forgotten, save in times of extreme stress—as in a sword fight on the castle walls of Nottingham. It is just the sort of escapade that Marian was hoping Robin would abandon.

Robin and Marian is a film that must stand or fall on the strength of its stars. Fortunately, it has two of the best. Connery is a genuine masculine presence, not afraid to be tender. He also has a real zest for buffoonery that flourishes under Lester's considerable encouragement. Audrey Hepburn has not made a movie in seven years. The moment she appears on screen is startling, not for her thorough, gentle command, not even for her beauty, which seems heightened, renewed. It is rather that we are reminded of how long it has been since an actress has so beguiled us and captured our imagination. Hepburn is unique and, now, almost alone.

She and Connery are imperfectly matched—silk and chain mail—which means, of course, that they are superb together. It is tempting but unfair to go into details of their last scene. Let it just be said that it is one of the most unconscionable assaults on the tear ducts since... well, since long before Hepburn's temporary retirement. **Joy Cocks**

■ ■ ■

At \$1 million a picture and all the Givenchy clothes she could wear, Audrey Hepburn seemed immovably fixed as Hollywood's romantic princess. Then in 1969, she quietly married Dr. Andrea Dotti, a handsome Italian psychiatrist nine years her junior. She moved to Rome and dropped out of the movies. The scripts continued to arrive—and be rejected—until, attracted by the challenge of playing the part of a woman who, like herself, is 46, she agreed to star in *Robin and Marian*. Last summer she arrived on location in Spain with a retinue consisting of her personal hairdresser, makeup woman, and chaperone, and with a bad case of "stomach-aches and clammy hands, because after all those years I didn't know what to expect."

Whatever she expected was not nearly as unnerving as what she got. Accustomed to the deference and more leisurely tempo of old-style Hollywood film makers, she was unprepared for the whirlwind 36-day shooting schedule. Lester's frenetic pace permitted few concessions to star status. Even the canvas chair, that basic symbol of stardom, was not provided: Hepburn had to use

AUDREY HEPBURN & NICOL WILLIAMSON SUPPORT SEAN CONNERY IN *ROBIN AND MARIAN*





DAVID G. HARRIS '73

AUDREY HEPBURN

In defense of romance.

an aluminum chair from her trailer.

The director refused to slacken speed for retakes that she wanted; once he insisted on shooting a key scene between Marian and Little John even though Hepburn was suffering from a sore throat and had lost her voice.

Another of Hepburn's mishaps became a scene in the picture. She was driving a cart beside a stream. The horse refused to stop and toppled into 6 ft. of muddy water. Lester kept the cameras rolling. Then he wrote a scene in which Robin fishes Marian out and carries her lovingly to the bank.

Aiming for greater realism, Lester kept cutting down on the love story between Robin and Marian, and Hepburn fought to retain some of her best romantic lines with Connery. Says she: "With all those men, I was the one who had to defend the romance in the picture. Somebody had to take care of Marian."

Long Absence. Marian could not have been in safer hands. "I've never made a film so fast and I would like to have had more time," Hepburn says now. "But he is very different—extraordinary, spontaneous. Everything has to be new, practically impromptu." Adds a studio executive, with his own brand of diplomacy: "Audrey could get along with Hitler, but Lester is not in her scrapbook of unforgettable characters."

In the end Hepburn's greatest anxiety was not knowing how she looked on the screen after her long absence, because she did not see daily rushes on location. This week she finally saw *Robin and Marian* at its New York premiere at Radio City. When asked what she thought of herself, she replied in the manner of her unforgettable princess in *Roman Holiday*: "I shall have to see it again before I decide."

THE THEATER

Doing the Harlem Hop

BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR

"The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice," Louis Armstrong often said. "Brown sugar" was a term of endearment for chorus girls in Harlem in the '20s and '30s. Both sweet and sizzling, this loosely structured show is a song and dance ramble. During the edgy militant '60s, any black who danced was regarded as a toe-tapping Uncle Tom, and any black who sang was regarded as an evangelical sponge. What a treat it is to see blacks singing and dancing as if those skills were not blemishes on intellect or race but blessings of body and voice.

The book is for the wastebasket. A young black couple is taken on a tour down memory lane by three canny professionals (Avon Long, Josephine Premice and Joseph Attles) who are old but ageless. But there is no frost on their bones. This show comes from the torrid zone.

The dancers are expert stylists. The songs and the singers possess a matching beauty, and at rehearsing *It Don't Mean a Thing, Sophisticated Lady* and *Solitude*, one realizes that in Ellington we lost not a duke but a king.

While much of *Bubbling Brown Sugar* is saturated with nostalgia, one girl in it, Vivian Reed, has the fresh, flaming force of a new comet entering the earth's orbit. Her movement is sinuous, her presence is magnetic, her voice is torchy. Sans Con Edison, she could light up a Broadway marquee. **T.E. Kalem**

VIVIAN REED IN BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR



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FIRST NOVELIST LISA ALTER UNWINDING AT HER HOME IN VERMONT

Blue Genes

KINFLOCKS
by LISA ALTER
503 pages. Knopf. \$8.95.

First novels are the stepchildren of the book family. Publishers—when they agree to print one at all—seem to run off only enough copies for the author and his immediate family. Which is just as well, since none but the most cavernous bookstores bother much about making shelf space for debuts. The self-fulfilling prophecy is then in full operation: the books fail to sell, and no one is surprised.

Twitching Ganglia. Exceptions to this procrucean rule are rare enough to be newsworthy. Lisa Alter's *Kinflocks* is enjoying a first printing of 30,000 copies, is a forthcoming alternate selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and the subject of considerable prepublication hyperbole. When the ganglia of the New York literary world begin to twitch in this manner, it is a sure sign that something more than literary merit is at work. First books by unknowns do not become events simply because they are good. Frequently, as Mae West once observed in another context, goodness has nothing to do with it.

Kinflocks, in fact, is soaring in the slip stream of *Fear of Flying*, Erica Jong's bestselling hymn to the body electric. The novel proves again—if any doubters still remain—that women can write about physical functions just as

frankly and, when the genes move them, as raunchily as men. It strikes a blow for the picaresque by putting a heroine through the same paces that once animated a Tom Jones or a Holden Caulfield. And it suggests that life seen from what was once called the distaff side suspiciously resembles the genitalia-centered existence that male novelists have so long monopolized. The organs are different; the scoring is the same.

Kinflocks is also an abundantly entertaining progress through the unsettled 60s. Virginia Hull Babcock, 27, comes home to Tennessee to care for her ailing mother. The act is not exactly unselfish, since Ginny has nowhere else to go; her Vermont husband has just thrown her out for practicing sexual yoga with a Viet Nam War resister. The home-town setting reminds Ginny of the home movies—kinflocks, as she and her two brothers called them—that her parents lavished on the events of her childhood. She begins mentally unreeing the X-rated scenes the old folks never saw.

Ginny first replays her gropings with Joe Bob Sparks, the imbecile high-school star athlete whose lettered jacket "looked like the rear window of a Winnebago with stickers from every state." From there she moves on to kinky sex with Clem Cloyd, the town hoodlum, and then to a proper Boston women's college, "alma mater of vast battalions of female overachievers." When her prim devotion to the rationalism of Descartes collapses under the onslaught of Nietzsche, she drops out of school and

into a lesbian affair with a leathery radical. A communal farm in Vermont claims Ginny next, and ultimately she sinks into a mindless marriage with the local snowmobile salesman. "The incidents in her life to date," Ginny fatuously decides, "resembled the Stations of the Cross more than anything else. If this was adulthood, the only improvement she could detect in her situation was that now she could eat dessert without eating her vegetables."

Cartoon Eccentrics. Novelist Alter, 31, draws this story in broad strokes, and as exuberant caricature *Kinflocks* is authentically inspired. The chapter on Ginny's communal life at the "Free Farmlet" is a wicked send-up of half-baked ideas and less well-prepared menus: "Dinner was a murky soup, filled with dark sodden clumps that looked like leaves from the bottom of a compost pile and that tasted like decomposing seaweed, and whole grain bread which you needed diamond-tipped teeth to chew." The novel teems with cartoon eccentrics mouthing balloonfuls of inflated nonsense.

Unhappily, Ginny is equally one-dimensional. A confessed "easy lay, spiritually," she makes Candide look like a graduate of assertiveness-training school. She has plenty of wise-girl things to say about her passively dumb behavior, but she has not really learned anything from her myriad misadventures. Alter tries to make the illness and eventual death of Ginny's mother the rite of passage that will turn the daughter into a self-winding adult. But Mrs. Babcock, whose suffering and despair are movingly portrayed, seems to have been smuggled in from a different novel. *Kinflocks*, for better and worse, belongs to Ginny and her amusing, if hardly profound, moral. Sisterhood is Slapstick.

Paul Gray

African Genesis

THE STRONG BROWN GOD: THE STORY OF THE NIGER RIVER
by SANCHE DE GRAMONT
350 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$12.50.

This is history to make the gods weep, perhaps with laughter. Three incompatible cultures met late in the 18th century, when English explorers began to poke into the great fever swamp of western Africa that is now Nigeria. Arab traders had arrived 300 years earlier, recommending their religion and bringing news that a minor local industry, slave raiding, could be the basis of a thriving export trade. The Britons advocated their own faith. They also urged the unwelcome view that slavery was immoral. It interfered with the manpower needed for the palm-oil trade.

In a series of adventures that might

have sprung from the imagination of Evelyn Waugh. Englishmen were sold leaky dugouts, assisted with false geographical information and detained as house pets by bemused native kings. Malaria felled the adventurers in wholesale lots. The curative properties of quinine had been known for two centuries, but the drug had been brought from Peru by Jesuits and thus was thought unfit for Protestants. At least one explorer, Richard Lander, was forced to drink poison. This ritual proved his good faith when he survived it, and he was permitted to watch human sacrifices. "The head is severed from the trunk with an ax," he wrote blandly, "and the smoking blood gurgles into a calabash..."

Baffling Travelers. A chronicle in which explorer after explorer vanishes into the jungle necessarily lacks the grand narrative sweep of Alan Moorehead's *The White Nile* and *The Blue Nile*. But Sanche de Gramont, an able journalist and popular historian (*The French: Portrait of a People*), has written a book, covering roughly the years 1790 to the present, with its own ironic fascination. At the outset, as was true of the Nile, no European knew the source of the Niger (in the mountains about 200 miles east of Sierra Leone). Its destination was also unknown. There were even disputes about the direction in which it flowed. One lunatic—and popular—theory had the river making its way across the Sahara to the Nile.

Only after four decades of exploration did the world learn that the Niger flowed northeast, then took a mighty turn at Timbuctoo and continued south into the Gulf of Guinea at the slave-trading settlement called Brass.

Geographical mysteries were thus

ELIOT KLUGMAN



BATHING IN THE NIGER RIVER
Enough to make the gods weep.

solved, but the region's weakened and debased societies and its fever-ridden travelers remained baffling to each other. In 1854 a German Lutheran explorer named Heinrich Barth was detained in Timbuctoo for eight months before rival political factions agreed to release him. An Arab officer in favor of Barth's execution spoke disapprovingly of Christians: "They sit like women in the bottom of their steamboats and do nothing but eat raw eggs."

Forty years later a lack of rapport still was noticeable. In 1894 Sir Frederick Lugard, who was to become Nigeria's first Governor, traveled to an inner principality called Borgu and succeeded in getting two treaties signed in favor of the British Royal Niger Company. As he returned there was a brief skirmish. Lugard reported with the stiffest possible upper lip: "The only casualty in the fighting line was myself, an arrow having penetrated deep into my skull." When he got home, he sustained another grievous wound: the signatures on the treaties were fake.

There is no falsity about the signatures that Africa has left on De Gramont's pages. Any flaws in this evocative account are those of omission, not commission. The emerging nation surrounding the Niger has great physical presence; it is its current political and social aspects that are largely unexplored. The author refers to his own eventful Nigeria trip in a rather hurried epilogue, but he leaves the reader hungry for news of the interior, for reports on the nation that survived its predators. "The obscurest epoch is today," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson. *The Strong Brown God* proves it. Old Africa stands revealed; current Nigeria apparently remains terra incognita.

John Skow

Living for Two

ADLAI STEVENSON OF ILLINOIS

by JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

828 pages. Doubleday, \$15.

Harry Truman had just announced that he would not seek re-election in 1952. Democrats anxiously converged on Illinois Governor Adlai Stevenson and pressured him to make the race. His head buried in his hands, almost on the verge of tears, Adlai blurted: "This will probably shock you, but at the moment, I don't give a damn what happens to the country."

By the standards of 1976, when a clutch of candidates are lusting for the presidency, that anomie seems as remote as the Age of Jefferson. But it was typically Stevensonian. The candidate's constantly expressed reluctance endeared him to his followers, who considered him too good for politics, a man of rare sensibility and cultivated aloofness. There is much to support such a view of Stevenson in this first major biography, which carries him through his defeat in the 1952 presidential election



CANDIDATE STEVENSON RELAXING

A process of atonement.

But John Bartlow Martin, a journalist who was an occasional Stevenson speechwriter, reveals another, more driven side to the Democratic standard-bearer. He was, in fact, a practical politician who played the game as skillfully as the next man. His fastidious grumbling about the demands of politics was something of a pose. Martin suggests that the candidate deliberately contrived a diffident persona to appeal to the civic-minded, rather snobbish liberals who came to adore him.

Stevenson's biographer traces his ambition—as well as his self-doubts—to an obscure boyhood tragedy. At 13 he accidentally shot and killed another child. Stevenson never mentioned the episode in later life, but Martin discerns veiled references to it in letters and conversations. A sense of guilt never entirely left the boy or the man; his life was to be an atonement for that death. Stevenson once wrote a woman whose son had a similar experience: "Tell him he must live for two."

Oscillating Campaigner. For all the admiration of Stevenson's intellect, he was rather indifferent to abstract thought. He finished in the middle of his class at Princeton, then flunked out of Harvard Law School. That embarrassing event was not brought up in two presidential campaigns because the dean, a Stevenson admirer, kept the proof locked in his personal safe. But after earning a law degree from Northwestern University, Stevenson em-

Crispina found a friend

One who is helping her survive



Crispina Aguilar's case is typical.

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BOOKS

barked with gusto on a career of public service.

Prior to World War II, he became one of the nation's leading interventionists, attempting to swing the U.S. as soon as possible to Great Britain's cause. When America entered the war, Stevenson joined the Navy Department in Washington. Later he helped draw up the Charter of the United Nations. With this activist background, he was tapped to run for Governor in 1948 by Chicago's Cook County Democratic politicians. Then as now, the machine was concerned with cleaning up its image. Stevenson proved an adroit campaigner, oscillating between high-toned liberals and tough party regulars: he won the election with the biggest plurality in the history of Illinois. In office he turned out to be a surprisingly effective Governor. He may have vacillated over what party to attend or what tie to wear, but he was decisive enough on crucial issues. A man who was always realistic about finding jobs for people, Stevenson did not give the machine politicians anything to worry about. He kept them more than content with shrewdly distributed patronage.

In the power vacuum created by Truman's withdrawal, Stevenson was pushed toward the presidential nomination he never wanted. He was not ready to run. He knew he had little chance of defeating the popular war hero Dwight Eisenhower. But he made a gallant try and left an indelible impression. As Martin's striking, thoroughly detailed biography demonstrates, Stevenson's fervently polished speeches, his candor and forthrightness elevated the tone of American politics. He set a standard that later presidential aspirants have yet to match.

Edwin Warner

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Curtain, Christie (1 last week)
- 2—The Choirboys, Wambaugh (2)
- 3—Ragtime, Doctorow (3)
- 4—Savvy, the Queen, Buckley (4)
- 5—in the Beginning, Potok (5)
- 6—The Greek Treasure, Stone (6)
- 7—1876, Vidal
- 8—Nightwork, Shaw (7)
- 9—The Gemini Contenders, Ludlum (9)
- 10—Audrey Rose, DeFelitta (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—Doris Day, Hatchner (1)
- 2—World of Our Fathers, Howe (4)
- 3—The Russians, Smith (6)
- 4—Bring On the Empty Horses, Nixen (3)
- 5—The People's Almanac, Wallchinsky & Wallace (7)
- 6—The Relaxation Response, Benson (2)
- 7—Winning Through Intimidation, Ringer (5)
- 8—Angels, Graham (8)
- 9—The Adams Chronicles, Shepherd (9)
- 10—My Search for Patty Hearst, Weed

MUSIC

Singing Them a Message

Adjusting the levers on his four-track console, Jamaican Record Producer Lee Perry does absent-minded dance steps on a patchwork carpet composed of Ethiopia's national colors. On the studio side of the control booth's sound-proof window, a singer implores "Jah," the black god who many Jamaicans believe was Haile Selassie, to deliver him from Babylon. Seated on the floor are half a dozen musicians whose hair is plaited into myriad ominous, serpentine "dreadlocks." Each man reverently smokes a large, cone-shaped "spliff" filled with marijuana, and all nod agreeably whenever the singer alludes to Africa, domestic politics or Jamaica's national hero, Marcus Garvey.

Americans like their popular music to rock and roll, but Jamaicans take their pop songs more seriously. Most of the island's musicians are Rastafarians, members of a sect that believes Jamaica's culture should reflect its people's Af-

rican roots. What they sing and play is called reggae music—the name comes from the title of a 1968 hit—whose lyrics treat political tensions, social grievances and "black roots" culture. Because an unpopular law or politician can become the subject of a popular song, reggae is a political force that is felt at the government's highest level.

"Reggae is much more accurate than a political machine when it comes to gauging mass reaction," Prime Minister Michael Manley told TIME Correspondent David DeVoss, who went to Jamaica to examine the reggae phenomenon. Manley won the votes of the poor by making the reggae song *Better Must Come* his campaign anthem. Says he: "I listen attentively. At a time when the Establishment cries halt, these songs provide a wonderful counterweight."

Black Pride. In a country with some of the worst ghettos in the world, songwriters have plenty of material. By becoming social commentators, reggae songwriters like Jimmy Cliff, Toots Hibbert and Bob Marley and his group the Wailers have turned their island into one of the most music-conscious countries in the world. "Reggae songs are the strongest way to reach the people," says Songwriter Max Romeo. "People will pay a dollar for my message and reject the politician they can hear free of charge." The message is grim these days, with unemployment near 30% and the island a tinderbox of factional passions. Many of the Reggae Rastafarians urge that Jamaica drop out and become an agrarian nation based on black pride and African culture.

Created 15 years ago in the west Kingston ghettos by amateur musicians, reggae is characterized by a scratchy, staccato guitar, incessant drumming and full-volume bass. Its rhythm is distinct-

REGGAE SUPERSTAR BOB MARLEY



LORENZO—LARRY BUSSE

MEMBERS OF THE GROUP BURNING SPEAR IN A KINGSTON RECORDING STUDIO



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MUSIC

tive because, unlike rock, it emphasizes the first beat instead of the second. Harry Nilsson, Paul Simon, Paul McCartney and Eric Clapton have recorded songs with a reggae beat.

The most popular reggae performer in both Jamaica and the U.S. is Bob Marley, 30, a dreadlocked singer who dispenses a back-to-the-roots philosophy with electric-rock intensity. A lean, imperious Rasta, Marley is deeply distrustful of politics. "Never make a politician grant you a favor, they will always want to control you forever," he sings in the song *Revolution*. The current hit single in Jamaica is his song about the island's upcoming parliamentary campaign. Its title: *Rat Race*.

Raw Capitalism. Marley is Jamaica's superstar. He rivals the government as a political force. The mythical hero of his last album, *Natty Dread*, has already become a national symbol. Marley is a cynosure both in Jamaican society and in the trenchtown ghetto where he grew up. He seldom appears in either milieu, but when he does, it is with a retinue that includes a shaman, a cook, one "herbsman" laden with marijuana, and several athletes.

Reggae has produced a boisterous, exciting local record industry. Operating on a six-day schedule, Kingston's five record plants and twelve major recording studios grind out 24 new singles every week. Top singles that averaged

25,000 copies a decade ago now routinely sell between 80,000 to 100,000 units.

Anything goes in this atmosphere of raw capitalism. Marley's rock guitars, the tribal chanting of a group like Burning Spear, even Toots and the Maytals' infatuation with U.S. country-and-western, are allowed inside the reggae big top. Organs, saxophones and flutes often accompany the basic guitar-drum-bass trio.

In small (pop. 2 million) Jamaica, there is nothing like U.S. rock's instant riches in reggae. Top musicians receive only the royalties record companies are willing to pay; sidemen are paid a miserly \$15 a song. But who needs to be a sideman? In Jamaica, anyone with a song and several hundred dollars can make a record. There are hundreds of record labels, many of them sold by energetic musicians who stand inside record stores, jawboning customers into buying their "hit."

Producers also spike sales by making "dubs" of their hit releases. Designed for dancing, dubs consist solely of the five guitar-drum-bass rhythm tracks. Kingston's 70 discotheques crave "greatest hits" album dubs, but since they cost twice the normal amount, only the capital's top dozen discos can afford them.

Reggae has not, of course, solved Jamaica's problems by scrutinizing them, but it has grabbed the attention of the island's politicians, who now realize that

the easiest way to reach the electorate is through music. In most of Jamaica's record stores, next to the Maytals' *Funky Kingston* and the Wailers' *Natty Dread* is a \$5.50 album called *Michael Marley Speaks to the Nation*.

Tough Act to Follow

How do you replace a swinging conductor who wears a Beagle hairdo and wows the crowds with his lithe podium acrobatics? If the man is Seiji Ozawa, the answer is, not easily. For the past three years he has led both the Boston and San Francisco symphony orchestras, but will give up the latter next season. Last week San Francisco named his successor. He is Holland's Edo de Waart, 34, the orchestra's current principal guest conductor and, since 1967, conductor of the Rotterdam Philharmonic. Like Ozawa, De Waart has charm, good looks and lots of hair. He also has the reputation of a solid all-around conductor whose Bartok is as educated as his Mozart. De Waart takes over in the fall of 1977 and will give the San Francisco more of his time than Ozawa does currently—13 or 14 weeks out of a 24-week season. That reflects his belief that both orchestra and conductor should spend more time in their own backyard. Says De Waart: "The San Francisco Symphony should identify with this city."

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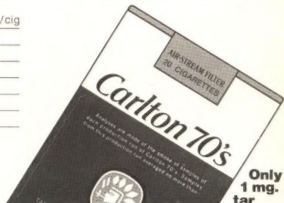
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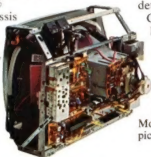


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